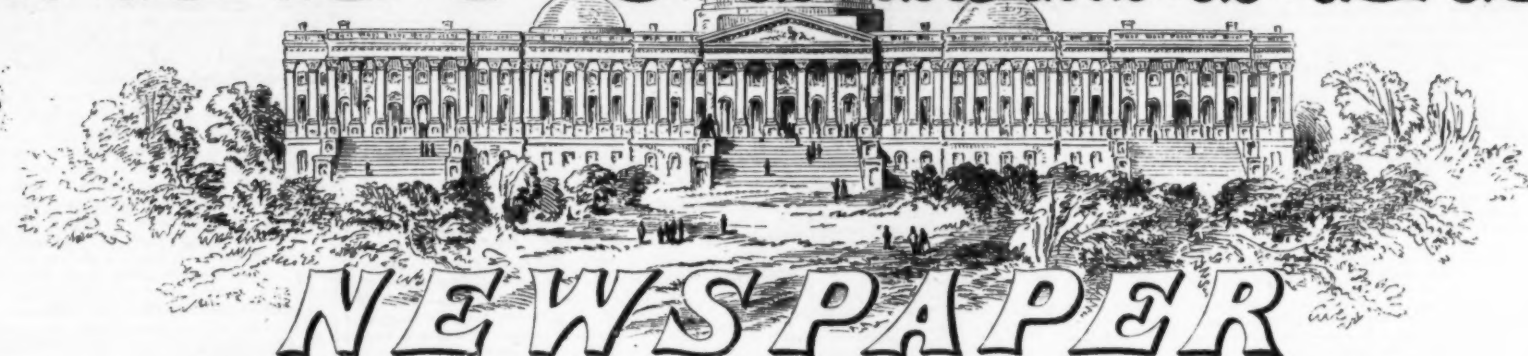


THE REISSUE OF

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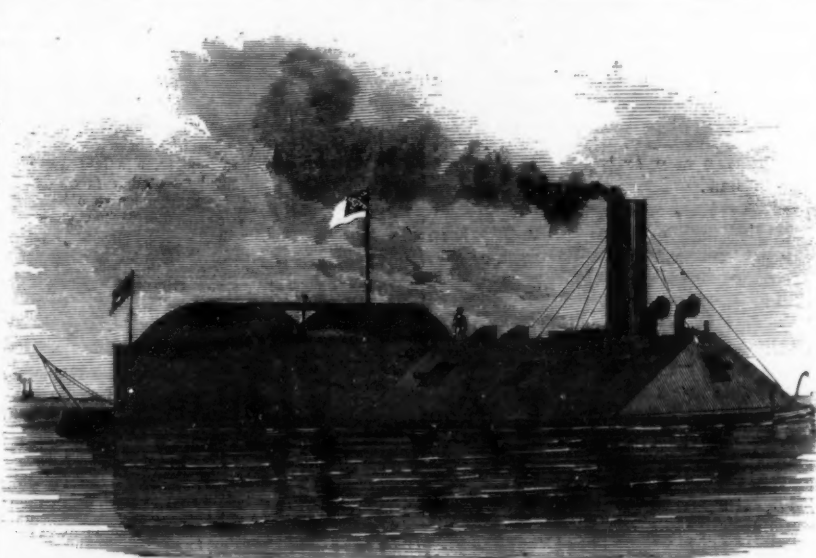
THE SIEGE OF MOBILE.

MOBILE, for a place of its size, has been frequently the scene of military operations. One of the earliest stations of French power on the southwest, it was menaced by the Spaniards, and at a later date, in the hands of the latter, exposed to English attack. During the present war it has been blockaded by a Union fleet and commanded by Fort Pickens, which the rebels vainly endeavored to take.

When Sherman and Smith recently advanced, and Farragut began to thunder at Fort Powell, all expected to see Mobile soon in our hands. This hope has been doomed to disappointment. The capture of Mobile was not the object of Sherman's expedition, and Farragut's bombardment of Fort Powell proved ineffective, his vessels not being able to approach nearer than two miles, too far to inflict any serious injury.

Recent Southern news explains Farragut's attack as an attempt to co-operate with a revolt of the garrison of Fort Morgan. This was, however, discovered, and 30 of the mutineers shot.

We give, as illustrations of the operations, a view of the rebel ram Baltic, Admiral Buchanan, Commander, one of the main defences of the place, as seen from Farragut's fleet on the 29th of February, the last day of active operations; and the explosion of a rifled gun on the J. P. Jackson. This steamer, which has been in very active engagements during the war, was this time most unfortunate. In the first attack her rifle gun burst, and on the 29th she went into action with a new one, but this too burst after two hours' service, wounding several and injuring the



THE REBEL RAM BALTIC, NOW LYING AT MOBILE, AS SEEN FROM THE BLOCKADING FLEET, FEB. 29. FROM A SKETCH BY E. B. HOUGH.

vessel. Evidently there is some oversight in the Ordnance Department that requires remedy.

Our view of Fort Powell shows its present condition. It has been greatly strengthened by the rebels, and will make a stubborn resistance.

THE BLOCKADE OF CAPE FEAR RIVER North Carolina.

In our last we gave a sketch of the mouth of the Cape Fear River. The new inlet, which will be found in our present issue, is a much more interesting view. The rebels to guard it have not only Fort Fisher, a well constructed fortification, but an artificial mound with a heavy rifle gun on it. This was erected in order to give a sufficient plunge to the balls to injure monitors. It controls the channel between Fort Fisher, on the one side, and Sheep Head and Smith's island, on the other.

The view of Folly inlet, which is five miles south of Fort Caswell, shows the vigilance of our blockaders and their daring. In this single sketch may be seen the ruins of the Bendigo, Ranger and Lily, as well as of the U. S. steamer Iron Age, lost in pursuing too closely one of the blockade-runners.

HON. MICHAEL HAHN,
Governor of Louisiana.

The Hon. Michael Hahn, to the imposing ceremonies of whose inauguration as Governor of Louisiana we give so much space to-day, is a native of



EXPLOSION OF A CANNON ON BOARD THE J. P. JACKSON, DURING THE SIEGE OF FORT POWELL, MOBILE HARBOR.—FROM A SKETCH BY E. B. HOUGH.

she will see a pair of drawers made, all by hand, by an old woman of 60 for the munificent sum of seven cents, her week's work being one dozen, or 84 cents' worth, out of which she was obliged to find herself in thread. Think of it, you that have mothers, and you that may be natched away from loving wives at any moment leaving them dependent.

This association proposes to make itself an office of intelligence and justice between the employer and employee. They desire the workers to come and register their names, and the employers to seek them there. They ask that ladies through all the land requiring sewer, or any kind of female labor not connected with household service, will send to them or call, and their demands shall be rigidly complied with. Every lady sometimes wants a sempstress, and at the very moment of necessity and haste oftentimes cannot find one. The association will supply the want. Gentlemen have shirts to make, and in three days of dear cotton, to mend; let them put them in first hands, instead of going to fashionable establishments, and paying 200 per cent profit for plateglass windows and marble counters.

On the night of the 21st the working women made a demonstration at the Cooper Institute, presided over by Judge Daly, and addressed by the Rev. W. M. Milburn, the blind orator. Miss Teresa Esmond read a poem written by Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, and altogether the affair was one of the highest success, of which we shall speak next week.

EPITOME OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.—The official vote in this city on the soldiers' voting amendment shows thus: For, 10,388; against, 6,830. Total vote, 23,218. There were only three wards which gave a majority against: the First, year 1st, says 166; the Sixth, or Five Points, year 221, says 328; and the Fourteenth, year 270, says 359.

—The Philadelphia Press says that the Government has called upon the locomotive builders of that city for 200 engines, to be made forthwith, and in case of default the Government would seize the shops. The engine-builders have agreed to do the work.

—The French Consul at San Francisco informs the mercantile world that Acapulco and Mazatlan, west coast of Mexico, are under blockade, and neither passengers nor merchandise will be allowed to enter those ports.

—The Fenian Brotherhood of Philadelphia have recently, through a public meeting, the recent attack of Bishop Wood (Roman Catholic) on their organization. They deny that the Brotherhood is a secret society; adding that the society have no oaths, signs or grips. Their constitution and by-laws are open to inspection. 50,000 men have subscribed their names of membership in the United States, and in the British Provinces and Ireland 150,000 men are enrolled. The Fenian Brotherhood had not established any line of conduct. It is not definitely declared that they must resort to force of arms in aid of Ireland. So far, they have but exerted their energies to unite the people and form one sentiment.

—St. Patrick's day was celebrated with unusual vigor on March 17. The 69th regiment paraded, and the display made by the civic societies was very fine. High Mass was solemnized at St. Patrick's cathedral by Vicar-General Father Starrs, and a pangeyric pronounced by the Rev. Father Hayes, of Washington. The Friendly Sons of St. Patrick honored the day by a "feast of reason and flow of soul" at Delmonico's corner of Fifth avenue and 14th street. The Knights of St. Patrick celebrated their national holiday by a banquet at the Astor House, at which about 180 knights and a score or more of invited guests were present. Speeches were made by the President of the society, W. F. Lyons, Esq., and by Col. O'Mahony, Mayor Guthrie, Judge Daly, Edwin James, John K. Devlin, John Butler, Mr. Meehan and others. The exercises were enlivened by music from the Navy Yard band, and by appropriate songs sung by Mr. Gustavus Geary.

—A Gen. McClellan mass meeting was held at Cooper Institute on the 16th March, at which speeches were made by Hon. Amos Kendall, of Washington, Lieut.-Gov. R. T. Jacob, of Kentucky, Gen. A. B. Norton, of Texas, and Dr. Max Langenswartz.

—The sum of \$1,112 25 was realized by the Sanitary Commission from the benefit entertainment given by the pupils of the 13th Ward Common Schools, at Cooper Institute, on 16th of March.

—On the 18th March the new Board of Police Commissioners was organized, the election of Thomas C. Acton as President. Messrs. Acton, Bosworth and McMurray were present; Mr. Bergen, being ill, was absent.

—Justice Barnard has granted a commission for the examination of a witness in Chicago, on behalf of the plaintiff, Benjamin Franklin Hatch, in the somewhat stale "Hatch divorce case."

—On the 19th of March the pupils of Mrs. Z. R. Plumb's Gynasium held a select entertainment at the Cooper Institute. The exercises were admirably performed, and reflected great credit on the institution. Several speeches were made and received with great applause. The proceeds were for the benefit of the Sanitary Fair.

Southern.—The Richmond Whig has the following brutal paragraph: "The body of Col. Urie Dahlgren, killed in the swamps of King and Queen, by the 9th Virginia cavalry, was brought to the city Sunday night and laid at the York river depot during the greater part of the day yesterday, where large numbers of persons went to see it. It was in a pine box, clothed in Confederate shirt and pants, and surrounded in a Confederate blanket. The wooden legs had been removed by one of the soldiers. It was also noticeable that the little finger of the left hand had been cut off. Dahlgren was a small man, thin, pale and with red hair, and a goatee of the same color. His face wore an expression of agony. About two o'clock P.M. the corpse was removed from the depot and buried—no one knows, or is to know, where." So much for the chivalry of Lucifer, who punishes the dead body of a son because the father bombarded Charleston.

Naval.—The Navy Department has received the details of two expeditions sent out from the gunboat Tahama during the past month, the objects of which were successfully accomplished. Having marched through swamps and dense woods a distance of four miles, they destroyed the rebel Government salt works at St. Marks, Fla. These were seven miles in extent, and connected with them were, among other things, 300 salt kettles, 170 furnaces and 165 houses and shanties. Similar works, 10 miles distant, shared the same fate. The property destroyed is estimated at \$3,000,000.

The recent captures reported by Admiral Farragut are these: The schooner Henry Colthwait, by the Virginia, near San Luis Pass, 20th Feb.; she was from Kingston, Jamaica, with 250 kegs of powder, 250,000 rounds of ammunition, 300 kegs of quinine and other stores. On the 25th Feb. the English schooner Lily, near Velasco, Texas, was taken by the Pensacola; she was from Belize, Honduras, with powder. On the 29th Feb. the schooner Stingray and John Douglas, with cotton, were taken off Vera Cruz. The Virginia took also the Camille, laden with cotton, and burned a sloop laden with the same kind of cargo.

Military.—The work of re-organizing the Army of the Potomac is proceeding this week. The number of corps will be reduced to three—the 1st and 3d being absorbed into the 2d, 5th and 6th—to be commanded respectively by Majors-Gen. Hancock, Warren and Sedgwick. This will make three very strong corps.

—The President, by an official order promulgated March 17, makes the following military assignments: First, Lieut.-Gen. Grant assigned to the command of the armies of the United States;

second, Major-Gen. Halleck is relieved from duty as General-in-Chief and assigned to special duty at Washington as Chief of the Staff of the Army; third, Major-Gen. Sherman is assigned to the command of the military division of the Mississippi, lately commanded by Gen. Grant, and comprising the departments of Ohio, Cumberland, Tennessee and Arkansas; fourth, Major-Gen. McPherson is assigned to the command of the department of Tennessee, recently commanded by Gen. Sherman; fifth, Lieut.-Gen. Grant will establish his headquarters in the field, with the respective armies operating under his personal supervision.

—Rebel news from Charleston to the 9th represents the shelling as moderate, and doing no damage. The dispatches say there was unusual activity in the Union fleet on the 6th of March.

—Col. Bruce has been reinstated as military commander of Louisville.

—Guerrillas attacked and burned a freight train from Nashville, at Easley Springs, on the 15th inst. Capt. Berdsley and seven men of the New York 23d, after being stripped of the property about them, had arrived at Dechard, Tennessee. Three negroes on the train were killed by the guerrillas.

—The Confederates are moving their artillery from Dalton to war's Ringgold. Taylor Ridge gap was picketed by them on the 15th inst. They have a large force.

—Col. Wolfe has arrived at Nashville, having been released from arrest, and is ordered to report in person to Lieut.-Gen. Grant.

—Lieut. J. R. Meigs, son of Quartermaster-Gen. Meigs, has been appointed Chief Engineer of Gen. Sigel's department, with rank of captain and A. D. C. Capt. Meigs is but 22 years old, graduated second in his class, and Gen. Sigel has entire confidence in his capacity. Gen. Sigel has applied for Gen. Stahl and Col. Wyndham to be assigned to his command. Gen. Averill has command of all the cavalry in Sigel's department.

Personal.—Gen. Neil Dow and Capt. Flynn and Sawyer have been exchanged, and have arrived at Fortress Monroe.

—A matrimonial intelligence office has been opened in St. Catharines, Canada. Ladies sending in their names are requested to enclose a photograph, for the inspection of those about to make a choice.

—Thackeray's daughters received a kind and handsome letter from Lord Palmerston, offering to recommend them for pensions on the British Literary Fund. The children of the man who had constantly exhorted literary brethren to rely on themselves, and to discard any notion of State recognition or assistance, respectfully decline the offer, adding, as one amongst other reasons for doing so, their opinion that their acceptance of it would not have been approved by their father.

—Gen. Sherman is described as being an inch less than six feet high, and about 45 years old. His frame is of good size, but a moderate development of muscle gives him an appearance of being more slender than he really is. His hair and eyes are dark; his forehead high, and so exceedingly fair that, standing as it does in marked contrast with his hair and eyes, it is his prominent feature. His cheeks are marked with deep lines, while age's crow has made a very palpable track at the corner of either eye. A benevolent countenance, together with a kind and genial manner, make him look more like a minister than the war-dog he is.

—Louis Napoleon's present personal appearance is thus described in a late letter from Paris: "The personal appearance of Napoleon III. would puzzle the most accurate observer of physiognomy. The face of the man with the iron mask is not more devoid of expression than his. One may study it for hours without deriving the slightest satisfaction as to the emperor's mental characteristics. Those fishy, restless eyes, the parchment-like cheeks, the stiff, pointed mustache, all suggest a sort of artificial face prepared for the occasion, while the real man, like the priestess of Apollo, lies hidden, and delivers short, oracular responses behind it. He is short in stature, though his body is full the average size. Hence he appears to greater advantage in a sitting posture. Of late years he has grown somewhat corpulent, like the first Napoleon and other members of his family. His habits at the present day are said to be simple and regular, perhaps necessarily so, if the stories told of his early excesses be true. His appearance on horseback does great credit to his horsemanship, which is generally allowed to be the most skillful in Europe. He is very fond of horses, and has that thorough understanding of their nature which establishes a certain sympathy between that animal and his rider."

—A statue of the Empress Eugenie is to be erected in the market-place of Puebla, Mexico.

—J. B. Gough has refused 900 invitations to lecture this season.

—The eldest daughter of Capt. Semmes was married in Mobile on the 18th ult. to Pendleton Colston, Judge Advocate to the Confederate Army.

—Professor Sullivan has gone to California, to examine the mines of Nevada.

—A few weeks ago (says the Hartford Post) we made mention of the marriage of the armless color-sergeant of a Massachusetts regiment, Plunkett, to Miss Nellie Lorimer. The wedding took place in Worcester, though the parties belong in Leicester. When he was married Plunkett was engaged to Miss Lorimer. Upon his return he considered his helpless condition, and offered a release to his betrothed, which was readily accepted. Her sister was so indignant at this that she said she would marry the brave man herself if he was agreeable, and agreeable he was; and they married. Thanks to the generosity of the people he has met since his return, Plunkett is in independent circumstances.

Obituary.—William B. Cozzens, widely known in this country, for many years a hotel-keeper in this city, and proprietor of Cozzens's hotel at West Point, died at his residence at that place, of heart disease, on the 12th inst.

—Capt. James B. Halsted, of the 102d regiment of New York Volunteers, died in this city on the 12th inst., aged 30 years, of hemorrhage of the lungs. Capt. Halsted had served over two years in the Army of the Potomac, under Gen. Banks, Hooker and Burnside. He had just received his promotion to a captaincy, and was preparing to accompany his regiment to the West when prostrated by disease contracted in the service of his country. His remains were taken to Pittsburg, Pa., for interment.

—Lieut. Fred. Zeiter, of Co. H., 84th regiment, N. Y. S. N. G., died suddenly at a ball given by that company, of congestion of the brain.

—Mr. Eben Merrill, the well-known meteorologist, died at Brooklyn, on Saturday, March 19, of dropsy of the liver. He was born in Concord, Mass., June 17, 1794. Soon after arriving at his majority he proceeded to Kentucky, and was employed for a number of years in the manufacture of saltre and other mineral productions of the Mammoth Cave in that State. He subsequently engaged in the dry-goods business in Zanesville, Ohio, and about 26 years ago removed to Brooklyn, and pursued the manufacture of soap and candles in New York city. From his earliest childhood Mr. M. was engaged in scientific pursuits, devoting himself more particularly to meteorological research, the records of which are intact and extend to the hour of his death. The theory of cycles of atmospheric phenomena is exclusively his own, and he has repeatedly been complimented for their accuracy by some of the most profound scientific men in Europe. His mortality as a careful compiler of these records caused him to be considered an expert thereupon in courts of law. In 1841 Mr. M. commenced the publication of the *Meteorological Gazetteer*, a work which is now complete, with the exception of a few months. He was a contributor to various

journals of the day on scientific subjects, under the well-known signature of "E. M."

Accidents and Offences.—Mrs. Callery, the wife of a policeman, was burned to death on the 18th of March, at her house in Peammel street. The fire was occasioned by the bursting of a kerosene lamp.

—Messrs. B. F. and N. H. Wood of Acton, Mass., were both killed on the 17th of March, near their home, by a locomotive engine that struck their carriage.

—Two young men, one claiming to be a son of Secretary Welles, and the other a son of Gov. Morton of Indiana, were arrested on the 16th inst., charged with breaking into the residence of John Sedgwick, Esq., No. 49 East 30th street. Owing, however, to the non-appearance of Mr. Sedgwick, they were discharged.

—A fearful powder explosion occurred in a cart-ridge factory in the city of Springfield, Mass., on Wednesday, the 16th inst., by which 16 persons were injured—five of them fatally. The sufferers are nearly all women and girls, of whom about 40 were employed in the building.

—In the U. S. District Court, Judge Betts, a decree of restitution was entered in the case of the barque Saxon, claimed as a prize, but without costs, charges or expenses. The questions of salvage and probable cause for seizure were reserved for future consideration.

—A married woman in Salisbury, Eng., aged 27, had been held for stealing a child of five weeks. On her examination she pleaded guilty, and sued for mercy, saying, among other things—"You don't know how I have had to bear the scoffs and sneers of the people! Those who had derided her on account of her childless condition should have been made to bear their part of the year's imprisonment to which she was sentenced."

Foreign.—Kate Bateman recently met with an accident while taking horse exercise in London. An enamored post in the street attracted the riding-habit of the actress, to which it clung, and the fair young lady was carried away, without adjunct, and in semi-male costume. A gallant gentleman came to the rescue; and the skirt being bound round the waist again with string, and the damage rectified, she mounted and rode off none the worse for the contre-temps.

—A week or two since the Lord Chancellor gave a decision in a case which had been pending for 200 years. The party interested was a laborer at Kemerton, named Lawrence; after the decision he received a letter informing him that he was entitled to the snug little sum of £30,000.

—The bell of a fashionable residence was rung the other day. When the servant appeared a man politely inquired, "What are you going to have for dinner to-day?" The girl, thinking the man to be one of her tradesmen making the inquiry in a business capacity, innocently replied, "Mutton, sir." "Mutton, with sauce?" "Yes, sir." "Ah, well! I was passing by and thought I would inquire. Good morning." Mary's indignation can well be imagined when she learned the man's motive; but he was too far up the street to hear her angry denunciations.

—Nine cardinals' hats are at present disposable. Pius IX. has during his reign created 45 cardinals and seen 65 disappear from this world.

—From a book lately published on tulipomania we extract this amusing anecdote: "A wealthy merchant, who had prided himself on the rarity of his tulips, received a valuable cargo of merchandise from the Levant. Intelligence of its arrival was brought to him by a sailor, and the merchant, to reward him for the tidings, munificently presented him with a red herring for his breakfast. The sailor had, it appears, a great partiality for onions, and seeing a bulb, like an onion, lying on the desk, he ally slipped it into his pocket, as a relish for his herring. Clear off with his prize, he proceeded to the dock to eat his breakfast. Hardly had he left when the merchant missed his valuable *Semper Augustus*, worth 3,000 florins. A fruitless search was made for the precious root, and at length some one thought of the sailor. The merchant, with all his clerks, hurried after him, and they found the unconscious tar quietly sitting on a coil of rope, masticating the last morsel of his onion, little dreaming that he had been devouring a meal which would have regaled a whole ship's crew for a year."

—A Russian citizen, named Matlanoff, having inserted in the journal *Kokolok* a letter addressed to the Emperor, in which he blamed principles that guided the policy of the government, has been condemned to the council of the empire to five years at the galleys, and to spend the remainder of his life in Siberia.

—The Paris correspondent of the N. Y. Times says: "The fact that Queen Victoria did not reply personally to the letter of the Emperor Napoleon to the sovereigns is despatched upon as a national affront, and Her Majesty is reminded that other potentates as good as she did not disdain to write autograph letters to the august head of the glorious nation, whose mission it is to spread liberal ideas all over the surface of the earth." Louis Napoleon lived long enough in London to know that the Queen could not reply to his letter. Every Englishman considers it a great impertinence to write to the Queen at all. Victoria wrote an autograph letter to President Buchanan, but that was on her family matters—namely, about her son.

Art, Science and Literature.—Two rival illustrated papers in England recently selected as the subject for a sensation picture the accident to a man who got one of his arms mangled by lions at the Islington Agricultural Hall. In one picture the lions are cringing away at the poor fellow's right arm, while in the other the ferocious brutes are represented gnawing the left. "You pay your money, and you take your choice," as the showman said.

—The Prince of Wales, in sending to the laboratory of Cambridge University, Miss's, a copy of the photograph of the Samaritan Pentateuch, taken during the visit of his Royal Highness to Nablos, directed his private secretary to say "That the Prince of Wales will always be glad of any opportunity which may enable him to evince, in however slight a manner, the lively sense which he entertains of the kindness and hospitality he received during his visit to the United States, and that with these recollections he cannot fail cordially to reciprocate the wish to which you have given expression, that nothing may occur to interrupt the friendship which ought ever to subsist between the old country and the new."

—The *Scientific American* states that in England the coffins from over-crowded burial-grounds are dug up, dried and ground, and used as an ingredient in the adulteration of coffee. We are inclined to think that Mr. Shoddy would not object to do the same thing in this country.

—We observe in an Irish paper a very complimentary notice of Mr. Stopford, one of the most popular British artists in water colors of the day. It will be remembered that Mr. Stopford sent several pictures to our Crystal Palace in 1853, all of which were much admired. The present works are *Lismore Castle from the meadows*, *Biscay Castle and the Lakes of Inch-gel*. His great specialty is Irish scenery, more especially of the lake country. The European critics praise his treatment of meadow, wood and water very much, as well as his charming summer skies.

—The intention of giving Mr. Thackeray's unfinished story "Diana Dora"—to a distinguished litterateur to complete, has been abandoned, in consequence of Mr. Dickens's disapproval. Mr. Thackeray's stories are not so excellent as to be continued by his executors, in which case his tale might be interminable.

—Adelaide Ristori has engaged an Italian poet, Paolo Franchi, to write for her a drama, to be entitled "Henrico VIII.," in which she intends to play all the king's (five) wives, one after the other.

Chit-Chat.—The new tragedienne, Miss Jean Hosmer, who has made so great a sensation in Philadelphia and Boston, is a sister of the celebrated sculptress. A Boston paper says: "Miss Hosmer possesses not only great personal beauty, but a positive genius, which is displayed by her in a most artistic manner. We especially admire her power, and above all her moderate use of it. She has also immense versatility, which is evidenced by the fact that she is equally admirable in Lucius Borgis, Mrs. Helier, Julia, in 'The Hunchback' and that very peculiar character, Cumille."

—The New York Herald says: "The arrival of the unpretending victor of Fort Donelson, Vicksburg and Chattanooga reminded Mr. Lincoln of a thing he ever saw before, and he has quite lost his sense in consequence. The people at the War Department never had any to lose, while we all know that there never was method in the madness of Chase. Secretary Welles would be crazy had he awakened from his long nap; but he still sleeps. He gave instructions when he last turned in, that he was not to be disturbed until the Alabama was caught, and we all know that has not yet been accomplished."

—The London Railway News states that not less than 100 tons of cranio-line steel are carried over the Manchester, Sheffield and Lincolnshire Railway, weekly.

—It has been decided that a lover cannot legally recover gifts made to a lady while courting her.

INAUGURATION OF GOV. HAHN, OF LOUISIANA,

At New Orleans, March 4, 1864.

The place selected for the inauguration ceremonies was Lafayette square, opposite the City Hall. The surrounding buildings, and the large buttonwood trees which line the square, were all ingeniously worked in as decorations.

In the middle of the square was erected a circular platform, 50 feet in diameter, which served as a base to a tall flagstaff, bearing aloft, above all rivals, the national standard. From this point as a centre, in a sweep of a half mile, towered an amphitheatre of seats, which in height, accommodations and magnitude was never before erected on this continent. On these ranges of seats were comfortably accommodated 10,000 children, together with ample room for 5,000 specially invited guests. At the base of this immense amphitheatre was a platform for Gilmore's 600 musicians, and 40 anvils and their "beaters." In the rear of the amphitheatre 24 upright columns, each surmounted by a glass colored globe underneath a shield; in this way every State of the Union was represented. Behind all this was stationed, by Gen. Arnold, 50 pieces of brass artillery. Over the centre square were the festoons of evergreens and gay signal flags of all nations, and all around were various patriotic mottoes.

The day of the inauguration ceremonies, 4th March, 1864, was ushered in by a salute of 100 guns from batteries under command of Gen. Arnold. Mingling with this pealed forth merry chimes from all the bells of the city. At an early hour ladies, gentlemen and children commenced wending their way towards the centre of attraction, and before ten o'clock the sides of the square outside were densely packed with spectators. The time consumed in waiting was happily relieved as one delegation of school children after another threaded their way through the multitude, waving their Union flags and, in interminable rows, ascending one above another, took possession of the amphitheatre.

At eleven o'clock, when the school children had all arrived, when the ladies had taken possession of their allotted seats, when the veteran soldiers, two regiments, 1st Regulars and 30th Massachusetts veterans, passed into the square, the excitement grew intense. A procession crossed St. Charles street and entered the square as follows:

The Governor Elect, supported by Brig.-Gen. Shepley, Military Governor; Charles Claiborne, Esq., Clerk U. S. Court; Alfred Shaw, Esq., Clerk U. S. District Court; Hon. E. H. Durrell, Judge U. S. District Court; A. C. Graham, Esq., Judge U. S. Court; Judge B. K. Howell, J. H. Hiestand, C. A. Peabody, J. S. Whitaker, C. Hardin and A. A. Atchae; Recorders H. T. Vennard and Judge Leumant; Aide-de-Camp: Mayor Hoyt; Aide-de-Camp: Mr. Gen. Banks, McClellan, Sherman and Reynolds; Brig.-Gen. T. W. Sherman, C. P. Stone, Bowen, Ar. old, Lee, Kansom and Cameron, with their several aides; followed by the officials of the Federal and City Governments, a large number of distinguished citizens and the different committees of arrangements.

Order being at length obtained, Hon. R. K. Howell, Judge of the Sixth District Court, called the vast assemblage to order, and invited the Rev. F. E. Chabuck to open the ceremony with prayer.

When the prayer had been offered, "Hail Columbia" was performed in the following manner: First verse, full band, 50 performers; second verse, full band and grand chorus of the 10,000 music school children present; third verse, full band, grand chorus by the children, and a chime of all the bells in the city; fourth verse, full band, grand chorus, the chiming of the bells and a great gun accompaniment of 50 pieces of artillery. It was some time before the delighted and so ordered audience could control their feelings, and when silence was apparently restored, there would break out in some parts of the vast assemblage involuntary shouts of applause, which would be a hoed back again.

Order being restored, the Governor-elect, amid deafening cheers, stepped up to the table and, amid a profound silence, listened to the words of the oath as they were repeated by Judge Durrell. The Governor-elect then kissed the Bible, and was sworn into office under circumstances of extraordinary interest, not only the first legal Governor of a State once identified with the so-called Confederacy, but also the first Free State Governor of the South-Western States.

The "Star-Spangled Banner," which followed, was never before given with such splendid effect: First time, full band; second time, full band and grand chorus; third time, full band, grand chorus, and a chime of all the bells of the city; fourth time, full band, grand chorus, chiming of bells, and a great gun accompaniment by 50 pieces of artillery.

Judge Howell now introduced the newly-installed Governor of the State, who, in a clear voice, read his inaugural, and closed by again returning thanks to those who had elected him Governor, and promised to do his duties in that office.

Music.—"Anvil Chorus," performed by the full band, accompanied by 40 time-beaters upon anvils and 50 pieces of artillery. The novelty of this new musical treat, after what had taken place, was indeed a surprise, and it seemed as if the audience would never tire in their plaudits. Meantime, a beautiful young lady, a teacher in the Burack street school, accompanied by several beautiful children, miniature representatives of the Goddess of Liberty, came on the stand and presented Gov. Hahn with a beautiful wreath, the flowers of which she read "M. H., our Governor." The wreath was justly admired for its delicacy and good taste.

At this stage of the proceedings Gen. Banks rose and addressed the audience. At the close the band gave "Our Flag is Still There," first time with full band; second time, full band and grand chorus; third time, full band, chorus, chiming of bells, with artillery accompaniment. The Rev. Mr. Hiestand then offered up an eloquent prayer, followed by a musical medley of our most popular airs, ending with a benediction. Then followed the musical finale, which was one of the grandest affairs of the kind that was ever attempted in this country.



VIADUCT ON THE CHATTANOOGA RAILROAD, TENN., BETWEEN SHELLMOUND STATION AND WHITESIDE.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, J. F. B. HILLER.

THE VIADUCT ON THE CHATTANOOGA RAILROAD Between Shellmound Station and Whiteside.

The difficulties to be encountered by our troops, in the long wished-for advance on Dalton, may be conceived by the sketch of a portion of the railroad near Chattanooga. No army ever had a more difficult field to operate in, nor one in which a march is attended with greater risks of being cut off from all supplies. At all times the rear of our line has been exposed to attack from rebel cavalry, who have often inflicted serious injury on our trains.

The viaduct spans a rugged ravine surrounded by

wild scenery, and the wagon road passes under the bridge which the rebels destroyed, burning the wood-work and coating the stonework with pitch. The steamer Dunbar, moving quietly up the Tennessee, forms a striking contrast to the toiling men and beasts on shore.

THE VALPARAISO AND SANTIAGO RAILWAY

Was opened by the President of Chili upon the 14th Sept. last with great ceremony. Its length is somewhat over 114 miles, and, as its course lies

through a portion of the Chain of the Andes, it offers, in some respects, features seldom encountered upon works of this nature. Upon it are five tunnels, several viaducts of 70, 80 and 126 feet in height, and an incline of 12 miles in length, rising 125 feet per mile, attaining an altitude of 2,640 feet above the level of the Pacific Ocean. It is, therefore, one of the highest railways in the world at present in use; and, with one exception—that of the Copiapo Extension, also in Chili, which is 4,400 feet in height—it crosses the loftiest summit yet passed by the locomotive in either North or South America.

The passage of the mountain range of Tabon, between Valparaiso and the capital, was a very formidable

undertaking, and in accomplishing this the chief difficulties have been surmounted. For some miles the line climbs along the face of precipitous cliffs, at a considerable height above their base, while above it tower rugged porphyry cliffs more than 1,000 feet in height, the favorite haunt of condors, eagles and other birds of prey. Here there are three tunnels in quick succession; and at one point occurs the Maquis Viaduct—which we illustrate—an iron structure 126 feet in altitude, 600 feet in length, and which presents the rare features of being curved to a radius of 600 feet; and, on account of the incline over it, being about 14 feet higher at one end than the other. The superstructure of this viaduct is tubular, the principal span being 150 feet, and it is the first example of a tubular bridge erected in South America.



THE MAQUIS VIADUCT ON THE VALPARAISO AND SANTIAGO RAILWAY.—FROM A SKETCH BY MR. BOULET.

A SONG FOR THE LOYAL.

BY AMANDA T. JONES.

BELOVED Columba, peerless one,
Through glory's gates exulting enter!
For thou art Freedom's morning sun,
Of all her stars the shining centre.
The KING of kings, whom worlds revere,
Bent down and from the darkness won thee;
Placed thee in thine effulgent sphere,
And set his radiant seal upon thee.

Ah, well we know Jehovah's love,
When all European flowers did wither,
Bade the swift breezes westward move,
To waft the seed of Freedom hither.
Wild roared the blast; the hardy germ
By secret dews of eve was nourished:
Soft sang the wind; erect and firm,
It rose and by the waters flourished.

Eden of earth! thy generous clime
Gave Freedom's plant sun, wind and
shower;
It bloomed—the brightest rose of time;
And on our hearts we wear the flower.
With loyal blood in every vein,
In spirit free, though bond in letter,
We clasp our golden Union chain,
And bless the Power that forged the fetter.

Queen of the seas; when, o'er the flood,
Came armies, mad with thirst for slaughter
Upon thy hills our fathers' blood,
For love of thee, ran down like water.
And when the blatant cannon stormed,
By Treason's dastard hand directed,
At once thy patriot legions swarmed,
And every stream their swords reflected.

Live on, unshamed and unenslaved,
When all that seek thy hurt have perished!
By Freeman won, by Freeman saved,
And by the God of Freeman cherished.
Heaven's crystal gates, thou peerless one,
Uplift their heads to bid thee enter;
For thou art Freedom's morning sun,
And all her stars around thee centre.



A WOMAN'S HAIR.

By Lucy A. Randall.

It was the afternoon of a clear February day, blue sky above, capital sleighing beneath, and a keen knifelike wind midway between, when Silas Montagu's superb chestnut-colored horses were checked in front of the plateglass windows of a fashionable *coiffeur's* establishment, just out of the whirl and tumult of Broadway, and a young lady of about seventeen alighted from the chocolate-colored coupe, to enter the dominion of pomatum and frisettes.

The knight of the comb and scissors advanced briskly from behind the counter to greet his pretty customer, who was dressed in velvet and sables, that might have, and probably did, cost a small fortune.

"Don't let me interrupt you, Mr. Macassar," said the lady, carelessly sinking down upon a crimson brocatelle sofa, and glancing towards two women with whom the *coiffeur* had been in deep conversation at the moment of her entrance, "I can wait a few minutes perfectly well."

"You are very kind, Miss Montagu, but our business is completed." He added, in a lower tone of voice: "Only some women come to sell their hair. You see they have stepped inside for our cutter to take it off."

"To sell their hair!" repeated Miss Montagu.

"Certainly, ma'am. It's a very common thing, I assure you, more particularly since it has become usual to wear the hair short. And then, hard times, you know—"

"But surely it is impossible to gain enough to be any compensation for the loss of a fine head of hair?" said the young lady, earnestly.

"Oh, you are mistaken. For long, luxuriant hair, of a good color—such hair, for instance, as yours, Miss Montagu—we give as much as three dollars."

"Three dollars!" repeated the girl, scornfully.

"Hair will soon grow again, Miss Montagu," said the hairdresser, shrugging his shoulders. "In what can I serve you to-day?"



HON. MICHAEL HAHN, GOVERNOR ELECT OF LOUISIANA.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY LILIENTHAL.
SEE PAGE 17.

"I came in to request you to send some one to arrange my hair for to-morrow evening."
"Mrs. Warren's ball?" smoothly interposed the man, who appeared to be *au fait* in fashionable intelligence. "Certainly ma'am, to be sure. I will send Francois. What jewels do you wear?"
"Only a small wreath of netted pearls round the braids."

And Mr. Montagu bowed his fair young patroness out of the store with smiling complaisance. She stood a moment on the step as if thinking, then spoke to the liveried servant on the box:

"You may drive home, John. I shall not need you any more to-day," she said, quietly.

John touched first his gold-banded hat and then his horses, and in a few moments was out of sight, very glad to be relieved.

Then, and not till then, Miss Montagu walked

briskly away, brushing the pavements of obscure streets with her costly silk, as if she cared not for its lustrous splendor, threading narrow alleys, and at length ascending the uncarpeted stairs of a tenement-house, and knocking at the door on the third story.

It was opened by a pale, shadowy-looking woman, scarce older in the calendar of years than Miss Montagu herself, but, alas! how much more aged in the record of care and grief.

"Flora, dearest, how kind this is of you!"

For Flora Montagu had thrown her arms round the slender figure and was showering kisses on the pale forehead with true girlish warmth of affection.

"You can't be more surprised to see me, Lizzy, than I am to be here! I was out shopping, when suddenly the idea occurred to me of stealing an

interview with you. So I sent John home, and here I am."

"But, Flora, what would my uncle say?"

"He will never know it," said Flora demurely. "And, besides, Lizzy, my conscience does not condemn me for this visit. Papa's conduct has been so unkind, so actually inhuman towards you. Think of it, dearest. After giving you a luxurious home until now, to turn you out of doors just for marrying a poor artist—and you his own sister's daughter, too!"

"True!" sighed the delicate young creature whom Flora addressed as Lizzy. "Yet if it were not for Clement's continued illness and our poverty, I should never for a moment regret that—"

The door was rudely pushed open at this moment without even the trifling formality of a warning knock, and a wiry head, with sharp terrier eyes to match, was thrust unceremoniously in.

"I say, missus, is that ere money ready?"

Lizzy had turned very pale and clasped her wan fingers tightly together.

"I am sorry," she stammered; "but—"

The head and eyes now advanced entirely into the room with the short, thickest figure to which they belonged.

"Look here, marm!" said the man, harshly.

"This is the third week you've had these ere two rooms, and not a red cent of rent have I set eyes on. Needn't tell me your husband's sick; there's enough tenants I can get without sick husbands. I don't want to hear no excuses—they don't amount to nothin'. I jest want you to understand this much—if them three dollars ain't paid down afore the clock strikes five, out you go, bag and baggage, on the pavement. I've stood this kind o' nonsense long enough!"

He disappeared, closing the door behind him with a bang that made the walls rattle. Flora had listened to the brief colloquy with paling cheek, which grew still whiter as Lizzy burst into a paroxysm of bitter tears, hiding her face in her hands. Flora rose and bent over the bowed form with caressing touch.

"Dearest, are things really as bad as this?"

Lizzy replied only by her sobs.

"Can't you contrive to raise the money to pay this man?"

"How can I?" moaned Lizzy. "Everything we have, except the very bed Clement lies on, is sold or pawned. I am faint from lack of bread, and it is impossible to get even the most poorly paid work."

Flora's lip quivered; she had never seen poverty in this ghastly guise before.



The Tenement-house Landlord demanding his Rent.

"Oh, if I could only help you!" she sighed. "But papa never gives me money; he pays my bills cheerfully, but everything passes through his own hands."

"It would kill Clement to be moved," sobbed Lizzy. "If I could but obtain the three dollars I would not care for aught else!"

As Flora bent over her cousin one shining braid of glossy golden hair became detached from its fastening and fell from beneath her bonnet. She put up her hand mechanically to replace it, and at that moment she remembered Mr. Macassar's words.

"Lizzy," she exclaimed, impetuously, "wait a few minutes and you shall have the money. I will be back in half an hour."

And she hurried away with crimson cheeks and sparkling eyes.

Mr. Macassar was lounging over a newspaper when Miss Montagu entered his luxurious room a second time.

"Sir," she said, advancing close to the counter, and speaking in a tremulous tone, "I have concluded to have my hair cut off; will you give me three dollars for it?"

The spruce *coiffeur* stared. Was Miss Montagu in earnest or was this only a jest?

"Why do you not answer me?" she asked sharply.

"Certainly, Miss Montagu," stammered the hairdresser, recovering his tongue, "I shall be most happy, if you wish it. Please to step into the back room, and Francois shall attend you in a minute."

Poor Flora! Never had her golden waves of hair seemed half so lovely and lustrous as they did at the moment that the deft fingers of Francois unbraided them and passed the cruel, gleaming scissors among the bright strands. And when at length Mr. Macassar, with polite alacrity, presented her with a banknote, the big "3" might as well have been an Egyptian hieroglyphic for all that her tear-swimming eyes could decipher it.

She carried the money to Lizzy, and then, woman-



Miss Montagu sells her Golden Locks for Three Dollars!

like, went home, looked in the glass, and cried heartily.

For she had been passing proud of those pale brown tresses, threaded with gold and blending into auburn lights at every turn of her dainty head. And now they are gone—all gone!

"Who is that pretty girl just coming in the room, in the white crape, with blue forget-me-nots in her hair, and the little, short, dancing curls, like bits of coiled sunshine round her head?"

The speaker was an elaborately-dressed young man, who stood, with gold-mounted opera-glass at his eyes, in Mrs. Warren's brilliantly-lighted salons. At his side stood a tall, foreign-looking gentleman, with large black eyes and a somewhat haughty, although handsome, face. He had bent eagerly forward at his companion's words.

"It can't be possible!" he exclaimed. "And yet—it is—Miss Montagu!"

"Faith, Gilroy, you're right!" ejaculated young Manvers. "Flora Montagu, and none else! But what on earth has the bewitching little fairy done with that glorious hair of hers? Cut it off to be in the fashion, I'll be bound!"

"I do not think," said Gilroy, contracting his grave eyebrows, "that Miss Montagu is one to enslave herself to all the idle fads of the reigning mode."

"I know you're a sworn admirer of the young lady, Gilroy," returned his companion, laughing; "but all women are alike!"

"All women are alike!" The words fell like molten iron on Clarence Gilroy's heart. Was it indeed so? Had the idle dream that Flora was better and nobler than the rest of her sex proved but a vanishing illusion after all? He remembered the words he had heard her speak but an evening or two before:

"Nothing shall ever induce me to have my hair cut off in the absurd way that people call fashionable!"

She had not scrupled to perjure herself, then; she was as unthinking and frivolous as the idliest butterfly that ever fluttered around the flower gardens of society! He turned away, silently, and when Flora Montagu's innocent, violet-blue eyes were raised smilingly towards his face, they encountered a cold repellant gaze that the fair young girl was unable entirely to comprehend.

The spray of blue forget-me-nots had fallen from Miss Montagu's hair, and she had gone into the comparative solitude of the conservatory, with saucy Nelly Hyde, to re-arrange them. One chandelier alone diffused its soft lustre among acacias and tea-roses, from shades of crimson-tinted glass, and the two girls stood directly beneath its pink glow, all unconscious that Clarence Gilroy leaned against the farther door, a few steps beyond, in the shadow of a blossoming tropical vine, whose fiery scarlet stars almost touched his forehead.

"Do you know, Flora," said Nelly, as she adjusted the truant flowers, and stepped backward to observe the general effect, "that everybody is wondering what in the world possessed you to cut off that splendid golden hair of yours. Some lay it to the score of vanity—others to that of caprice, and—"

"Nelly!" said the soft, serious voice of Flora, with a tremulous falter in its accents, "I never meant to reveal the secret to any living soul, but I cannot bear that you, dearest, should imagine me capable of such frivolous folly. I will tell you just why it was cut off, if you will promise me to keep the secret religiously within your bosom."

"I promise," said Nelly, passing her arm caressingly around Flora's waist.

Clarence Gilroy moved uneasily amid the moving leaves and fiery drooping stars of his fragrant screen. But he could not well retreat now; and besides, it is not a very dignified characteristic to record of such a stately *preux chevalier* as Mr. Clarence Gilroy, but there certainly was a keen impulse of curiosity stirring the depths of his heart, to learn why Flora Montagu had cut off the lovely amber tresses of which she well knew him to be such an enthusiastic admirer.

And so, not without a secret misgiving, he played the part of listener.

"You know," resumed Flora, "all about my poor cousin Lizzy's unfortunate marriage with Clement Percy?"

And she went on to tell the simple story of her adventure the day before with such innocent pathos that Nelly Hyde was in tears ere the recital was finished. And there was another pair of eyes not very far off slightly dimmed also.

"I had no money," pursued Flora. "I felt that it would not be honorable to sell anything that papa had given me, knowing his feelings on the subject, and so— Was it very wrong, Nelly, to sell my hair? You could only have seen how welcome the money was to Lizzy!"

When at length the conservatory's perfumed aisles were vacant and Clarence Gilroy left his nook among the vines, he felt that that one glimpse into Flora Montagu's heart was worth half the fortune that made him the idol of manœuvring mammas and marriageable daughters. The eclipse upon his sun had passed away.

The next day Clement Percy was astonished very agreeably by the receipt of an anonymous letter, containing a banknote for fifty dollars. And the next day after that Flora stole round to tell her cousin that she was engaged to Clarence Gilroy.

"And when I have a home of my own, dearest," she said, "you and Clement shall share it. Clarence says so."

Mrs. Gilroy kept the word that Flora Montagu had pledged.

A FARMER, who could not get rid of his crop, said, pointing to his wheatfields, "There, that is where the shoe pinches, where the corn is!"

TRIFOL.—Being kept out of a fortune by a prolonged chancery suit.

AN AUTUMN DAY.

BY JULIE LEONARD.

SOFTLY and still the raindrops patter down,
Softly and still;
The purple haze, with shadowy mists, encrown
The distant hill;
The evergreens, as warlike sentinels,
Stand on the height;
Dimly the shadows over moor and fell
Obscure the light.

Heavy and low droop down the hanging clouds,
Heavy and low;
The damp wind sighs through lofty trees,
Swept to and fro.
The single note of solitary bird
Rings sweet and clear;
The low, deep undertone of earth
Chimes on the ear.

Far, far away the restless, surging ocean,
Far, far away,
In stern unrest, in ceaseless strong commotion,
Its billows play;
While the fierce east wind recklessly is flinging
The blinding spray,
Over the rocks, where dank seaweed is clinging,
In Casco bay.

Insufficiency.

By Catharine Earnshaw.

The years they come and go,
The years they drop in the grave,
Yet never the love doth so
Which here in my heart I have.

THE brown muirland answers sombrely; it offers only the utter goldness of its bosom, and I have within myself too much of gloom and of cold, and my eyes ache for the picture of a summer gone by, my lips pant for the breath of the south wind that never shall blow again. Down by the stream that used to purr through the moor, I find that the bluebells of childhood are frozen stiff in their beds and never will blossom. The bed of the stream is dry, and the pebbles that shone, diamondlike, to my childish eyes, are crusted and black with earth. I went down there the other day and came back with my sorrow renewed—came back to find, in the dusty old rooms of this house, a voice that spoke pleasant and sad of the nevermore that the neglected corridors have hitherto said in the muffled tones of decay alone.

It was only last week that I came from that dreary little town in Saxony. I ought to have brought with me its placid goodhumor, its poetized phlegm, but I could not absorb them, because they were not congenial. Instead, I came home with the spirit I carried out, the same that nursed its soreness on the plains by the Bohmerwald, and refused to be comforted among the viney valleys of Gaul. Since I have been in this house, in Scotland, which I call my home, I have walked back over the years to the day when the sun rose to gild my twentieth birthday. So vividly do I remember myself that morning, that to-day, when I looked in the glass, I almost expected to see a head crowned with crimson autumn roses, as when, twelve years ago this day, I had surveyed myself in the mirror of my sister's dressing-room. My sister wore the wreath, and pressed it down on hair that was then pure bonnie brown. She said, as she turned me round:

"It's a pity, Psyche, that these roses are scentless; I wonder if it's a bad omen."

My father stood at the open door. In the fondness of his pride for his firstborn daughter he had named her Psyche, and now, with pride no whit abated, he said:

"Rather say the crimson of their petals is type-royal of my Psyche's heart. Your soul shall furnish fragrance, and these blossoms shall be perfumeless no longer."

He fondled my crowned head, with his hand:

"When some gallant laddie comes and thinks he reads your eyes, my darling, forget not that your father translates the characters you reveal behind that dewy blue, and know that none can love that language better than he."

My soul was thickly crossed and veiled with the golden imagery of my father's nature. I loved his flowing sentences better than the sharp cut ones that stung my ear from others. Pleasure made my cheek its own ruddy hue, as, turning to my father, I hid my face in his tawny beard, and cried like a child for nothing else than because I loved him so. "Foolish tears," he said. "But I like you better for shedding them; they keep your eyes all the brighter for the mirth that will come to sit in them when the tenantry come to celebrate your birthday in dances on the lawn."

"What a queen you are making of that girl," my sister pettishly said, with the vexation coming on her brunette face. "Many's the time our mother has said that your dawdling and petting will do the child no good in the end. It's not wise."

"Then we maun be silly together," he said, with a laugh; "and you, Hester, shall embody the wisdom of the family."

"I did not mean that, you know," Hester said, softening her face. "It's not that I don't love Psyche as well as anybody, but it's you who are putting highflown notions in her head. But we will not shadow her exodus from tenderness. So, Psyche, darling, this is from me; a present after your own heart, I'm thinking."

She clasped round my wrist a golden serpent, with eyes of rubies, red as fire.

"You are such a child for the horrid, and admire the sinuosities of snakesomdom so much, that I got you this. Never mind the thanks," and Hester left me in the speaking of my gratitude.

"You do not wish such a hideous image from me, do you?" my father asked.

"It is beautiful!" I said.

"Then shall I give you a miniature shark for a pin? Do you eschew everything that is not venomous?"

"No; you know what I shall think of any keepsake from you."

"Dear flatterer! Well, here—" he stepped back into the hall and brought a package—"see if it be worthy of you."

With fluttering fingers I uncovered the box and lifted the satin foldings—a half-veiled, gleaming figure; at last the wrappings were off.

"Oh, father, it is Cupid! Do we go back to Heathendom? It is exquisite!" I held the pure Parian thing in my hands. His quiver was almost rustling with arrows, his wings feathery by the perfection of art. "He is beautiful as his mother!" I cried.

A smile grew on my father's face. "Now I have Cupid and Psyche in my household," he said; "was ever man so blest?"

"I never thought of that," I said, renewing my gaze at the form of the boy. "I shall die of love for him? And no one can animate this marble?"

"No, you will not die," was his answer. "You will be made immortal, even as in days of old."

"May I be fitted for the gift," I said, in sudden earnestness.

I set my Love on the window-ledge, and the roses there languidly gave their pink tinges to his whiteness.

"See!" I said, running my finger over his neck. "You remember, father, in that paraphrase on Apuleius:

On the god's shoulders, too, she marked his wings
Shine faintly at the edges, and resemble
A flower that's near to blow
And, cert's, though these pinions lay reposing,
The feathers on them seemed to stir and live,
As if, by instinct, closing and unclosing."

I had my god by the mirror where I stood every morning to bind up my hair. I put him there that day and garlanded him about with the wreath I had worn on my head, and there he stood, faintly glowing with borrowed blushes.

Came nightfall of that same day, I galloped alone across the heath, leaping the stream, and away on to the Farther Copee. Whistling my little gray-hound to follow, I scented the air and fed on the moonlight as youthful maiden can. Lightsome and free, my breathing was elixir and my motion elasticity. Feeling thus the bounding play of muscle, drinking thus the winny flow of youthful life, I rode on, nor stopped till I drew rein by a fallen horse and rider. Pushing back my drooping plume, I leaned over my horse's neck and saw that the prostrate horseman was inanimate and fastened down by his steed. Swiftly my gaitly flowed back in heavy tides that slackened my pulse's beating. While I drew my skirt from the pommel, my gray-hound came up and sniffed, with dainty nose, the stranger's face and hands. I see him now as plainly as then; one forepaw lifted, as though the aristocratic creature feared contamination by something plebeian. I remember I spoke sharply to him as I jumped to the ground, and he slunk behind me and stood treading and pulling on my long skirt as I stooped to the fallen man. His horse was dead. Ridden to death, it seemed to me. The man's head was bleeding against a cornered stone; the drops oozed blackly out, and the sight raised a glamour of terror before my eyes. What would my father say, did he know I was out in the night with a sight like this? Inhumanly I half wished that I had not seen the man. Why did he come with his gormless, like an ill-omen on my birthday night? And I must stop and help him, if help could avail him now. I drew his crumpled hat from his head, and long, girlish curls fell on the heath plants.

"The lad is a fop," I muttered, grimly. "Mayhap he's been riding to meet his true love. Poor thing, long and late will she wait his coming."

I remembered the stagnant pool close by in the copee, and I parted the boughs and pushed through, knelt down by the bank, and drenched my kerchief in the black water; then I dipped in his hat, and running back fast, with now and then a slop of the darksome stuff as I stumbled over the ridges and against the limbs, I sat down and washed away the stains from his forehead and off his still, shut eyelids. I sprinkled the water in quick jets on his temples, and bathed and chafed his wrists. I hoped he would revive, but I felt a silly fear of seeing his eyes open. They did open, though, and looked up to the sky in simple wonderment. I stood back and spoke:

"The gentleman will remember that he was riding across the moor and his horse fell."

The words awakened him thoroughly.

"And my brave hunter is dead," he said, turning his eyes to his horse's face.

"Even a beast must yield to the strain at last," my voice had asperity in it; I loved my own horse, and that love widened to his kindred.

"I was in great need," the stranger said; then suddenly and with vivacity, "but pray come into sight, my helping genius, it may be that I can rise with your assistance."

I came forward, but stood back to the moonlight. "Direct me and I will help you. Here is your hat;" I dropped it at his hands.

With smothered groans and many twistings at length he writhed his foot from under his horse. He lay still a few moments after that. I thought he was faint, for his face grayed again and his eyes drooped. I came nearer.

"No, only wait," he said, with a little motion of his hand.

I went to my horse and led him, and stood with bridle over arm and my hound crouching at my feet. The moonlight was falling on me and him, and it seemed a different thing from the light of an hour ago. I thought I was brave with a courage that trembles not, but I hated to be there alone with this wounded man, so the moon shen had changed to ghastliness and the fresh night air was sickening. My horse curved his neck right proudly and dilated his eyes at the sight of his

fallen fellow-creature. I hugged his face between my hands, and furtively kissed the star on his forehead. He seemed so human to me then, out on the moor with blood at my feet, and an unknown man whose hands I was going to clasp, and whose pains I was bound to soothe.

"Now, lady, give me your hand, if you please; just stand as firmly as possible, and I think I can rise."

He pulled hard, but finally he stood and held to my arm, to steady himself.

"You will mount my horse, and I will conduct you to my home; that is, if you are able to ride."

He was looking at me sharply, and I met his glance to see if he were strongly enough.

"Who ever thought that I should be succored by a Scottish fairy," he cried, letting go my arm to smooth back his curls.

"That will do," I said, drily, "you can mount now." I stood at my horse's head and motioned him on.

"I ought to bind up your head," I said, but loth to do it. "Sit down; it shall be done in a minute."

I twisted my handkerchief on, and bade him get on. "He is from south of the Tweed, I know by his ready tongue," I thought.

"I shall not get on and you go afoot," he said, but he leaned against my horse, and was too weak to walk. To cut short our words, I said:

"Then I shall mount and away, and you may go where you please, with no care of mine."

Then he labored up in the saddle, and I and my hound walked by his side, back over heath and long-ago blossomed broom; back through the sheeny yellow of moon and the steady sifting down of the stars; back through the night that came down on my twentieth year, and that never lifted to the perfect sweetness of light again. In the poplar-lined carriage drive we met my father. I knew he was watching and coming, for he always met me when I came back from the headlong, palpitating rides that I almost daily went through. We entered the gate with funeral slowness, and I pulled the rein by my father's side and said:

"Extend our hospitality to this unfortunate stranger. I found him on the heath beyond the Farther Copee. I don't know anything about him."

I went into the house and left them as the man was beginning a sentence and trying to dismount. I walked to my chamber and sat down in front of my new-found god, whose beauty now shone in moon-lighted perfectness. I fastened my hair, for the riding and the breeze had flowed it out on my shoulders. I was looking steadfastly at myself in the dim mirror, when my sister came up behind me. Her face was aglow and her eyes alight.

"What is it?" I asked.

A satirical laugh rippled out of her lips. "It's a braw birthday present you have found on the moors. Did you bring it here to set the jewel in our own home casings? Did you fear it would tye, left out in the night?"

I did not answer her, but my eyes grew hot as the words I wanted to say.

She laughed again.

"A fitting companion for your Cupid here. We may now have love both in flesh and marble." She played with the roses about my statue.

"You may stop your talk, Hester!" I burst out. "If I cannot help a poor man because he is young and handsome, then I should baffle my father's name; he who was ever hospitable. I know nothing what you mean."

I looked fiercely at her, and swallowed down my tears, though it was hard to keep the vexing drops from flowing.

"Go down and hear the curly-haired lad talk, and see his eyes shine when he tells our father of the kind fairy he met on the heath. Sooth to say, he is dead in love with you now, and my father already looks sad at the thought of losing you."

"Are you all daft together?" I cried, with blushing cheeks. "I thought you had a little sense in your head, Hester."

"And it's because I have that I think it so strange that this stranger should allow himself such freedom of words. He is very grateful. There, Donald is showing him up to a room by the south turret; I hear their steps on the staircase. Now come down and see father."

I followed her down, and walked up to my father, asking:

"Who is that man who came home with me? Hester has been as unkind as though I rode out to elope with him."

I said this in anger, and repented as soon, for my sister's face showed distress and reddening.

"A little sisterly envy, perhaps. The youth is impulsive and lacks the discretion that marks later years," my father replied, "but I believe he is lead-hearted. He has a winsome face; did you not think so, Hester?"

"Yes; he's pretty enough, but over bold for my idea."

"And his name and home?" I said.

"An Englishman from the neighborhood of Lancaster, and he calls himself John Derwent. Your first conquest, Psyche," my father said, gravely.

"A fine conquest!" I replied, crossly. "If he publishes his fancies, as this Derwent seems to have done, he may e'en gang his gait without sight of my face again." My countryside Scotch always sprang readiest to my tongue when vexed.

My father laughed ednstrainedly. "No, no. It was not so much his words as his face and tone. He can't be many months older than you, and likely enough he'll sleep off his first thoughts, and be sober enough in the morning."

I echoed my father's words, but my vanity mused far into the night, and wondered if this "wax to receive" would harden into marble—for like many another maiden, I did not despise my own charms nor the victim who was smitten by them. The next daylight showed me vividly the youthful fire of his face and its almost feminine beauty.

My father carefully inquired after his health and seated him at his right hand at the breakfast table, where he sat throughout the meal, neither eating nor drinking, only barely touching his lips to the wine. His temple was swollen black round his red gash, and his eyes had no aim or brightness in them. He stood by the breakfast-room door, and thanked my father and his daughters for their kindness to him, and said he must beg the use of a horse to the nearest station—then he fainted dead away and fell across the threshold. It was not I who went to him with pungent revivifiers. I walked out of the room and left my father and Hester to do as they pleased. Let the man stay as long as he liked, I would have no more to do with him; so through the weeks that came I only heard his moans and callings from the hall outside his room, or sometimes when they came shrill and cutting even down to the parlor.

Hester tended him, Hester cut off his long curls Hester sung him to sleep, and Hester loved him. They called me unkind that I would not share the task with her, but my father ceased to reproach me when I had declared, with a pout and a shrug, that I knew nothing about illness and should as soon as not poison the man with his medicines. Tempted to retaliate upon my sister for the blushes she had made color my cheeks, I was satirical and ungenerous, and she told me nothing of her patient. I asked not if he were better or worse, but I listened for her answer when my father asked.

One day she said his fever was gone and he would get well. Could he read the letter that had come for him in his delirium? My father took the letter from his desk and gave it absently to me. I dropped it on the table by Hester's hand, and turned away.

"I have some accounts to discuss with Hester, and you will please carry that up and present my congratulations, Psyche. It would be very lady-like to give him your own, also," my father said.

I curtly thanked him for the suggestion, and went upstairs. My little maid, Effie, was sitting by him, and she opened the door to my knock. I walked stealthily in. I had not seen him before since he lay on the floor of the breakfast-room. He did not turn his face, so Effie whispered:

"He does na ken it is ye, miss; he thinks it Miss Hester."

"Dinna ye speak," I said, almost savagely, but very lowly. I stepped to him and spoke:

"My father wishes me to express his pleasure at the prospect of your recovery." I held the letter behind me and watched him slowly move so that he could see me.

"It is not Hester; it is Psyche—the moorland Psyche."

He devoured my face with his sunken, unnaturally large eyes, and boyishly blushed from the intensity of his gaze. As for me, I repeated what my father had said, and after a moment's thought added:

"I am very glad you are better."

"I am," he replied; then irascibly—"for I can leave this house all the sooner. 'Oh, the cursed woods of Sussex! where the hunter's arrow found me!' I wonder why that runs over and over in my head so."

"Because you are weak and have been ill. You will be able to go in a week or two, I should think," I said, encouragingly.

"Never you fear," he said, with feeble-sounding energy. "I'll keep from you for my own good; there's little danger of my having to do it for yours. I'm hardly more than a boy yet, or I might do something I wished. I'm always foiled."

"Here's a letter that came a week ago for John Derwent." I put it on his pillow and turned to go. His voice arrested me.

"If I lay here a year you would not bless me by a sight of your face?"

"I was not needed."

"May you some day know whether you have been needed or not."

I went out at that and met Hester in the hall. My face was masked in blankness as I passed her, and I said:

"I almost decide to be ill myself, Hester, so that I had you for nurse."

The day came when he could get downstairs, and all the hours of the shortening fall daylight he sat by a window in the drawing-room, paying little heed to Hester or my father. I did not stay there. How could I have the lad look at me in his way, and my father there to see?

At last he went off, and he left no troth-pledge with Hester, and he whispered no love-word in her ear, and she never expected to see him again.

I stood at the door on my father's arm and gave the Englishman my hand with my farewell. He waited till the adieu with the rest were over, then he bowed low before me and went over the moor with never a last word for me to remember.

"The bonnie Englisher will ne'er be a chancy lad," Effie said to me when I called her up to my room.

"And why not?"

"I ken by the glint of his e'e; it's na like other folk; he's far too braw and pure-hearted."

"So much the better, if he's good," I said; "the Lord will give him good cheer if the world does cast him out."

Hester kept her own sorrow, and we never talked of the stranger; and for aught one could tell, we had forgotten that we had seen him.

As the winter came on, and the snow killed the roses and lay over the heath, I sat oftener and oftener in front of my marble god, and knew with bitterness that I had no flowers with which to wreath him—that the air had no softness in which to bathe him.

It was four months since he had stood there—four months since I had found all my happiness with my father and sister. The glimpse of outer world light left gloominess at the country house. The winds went roughing and bent down the pop-

lars; the snow went swirling and choked up the linn at the bottom of the garden—the place which, in childhood, I had feigned to be the Dead Sea, for it was deathlike in its blackness, deadly in its deepness.

I thought often and long of the gloom and the terror of the linn. I walked to the place sometimes when the snow thawed, and saw the inky water sucking in the white fleece and lying dormant and filled after its feast. My heart caught at the place as fitting for its resort, and through the dark months I absorbed its ghostliness and read its dialect of horror, till, well nigh crazed with the solitude and the thought, I begged to go to my cousins in Glasgow, to stay till the warm months.

Hester stopped at home in staid endurance. If she would rather stay with her past, she might, and hear no remonstrance of mine; but for me, the house was a lazar-house of infant joys, and I would have no more loneliness.

I took the hurrying, trading Glasgow enthusiastically to my heart. My gay young cousins could not usher me to too many parties; I could not receive too many callers; I could not tamper foolishly with too many young men.

"You have taken the town by storm with your winning Scotch ways and your bonnie blue e'en. Spare our hearts!" laughed cousin Katy, one morning, as I braided her hair.

"Have you not Scotch ways yourself?" I asked. "We have lost the winsome ways, my dear; but you have the countryside bloom and fragrance—you are as fresh as a flower from the braes. You know not how sweetly a broad accent slips from your tongue."

"You should know that you can pile up too much flattery on a flower; you'll extract all the perfume and break the stem too, I fear," I said.

"Ye ken weel that I'm aboon the art o' phrasin; it ill becomes a truthful lassie."

Katy laughed, amused. I was not willing to own my vexation. I would be no sweet blooming violet. I must be a city blossom or none. Silly ambition, which I could not have acted upon, try hard as I might.

"Don't pull my hair so, if you are vexed," Katy implored. "I did not mean to offend you; indeed, you ought to take my talk as a compliment. See that you lay the braids smooth, for we have a new visitor to-day."

"Who is coming?" with restored goodhumor.

"A young Sunderland—a son of father's partner at the wharf. So lace your bodice right gaily, and triumph right proudly."

"Miss Ainslie is a cousin of mine from the moors at the source of the Ayr," Katy somewhat maliciously explained when she presented Sunderland.

I flushed and grew proud on the instant, for he was the man whom I had found on the heath, and his voice and face were to me what they had been from the time I first heard and saw.

I had good need to draw pride, as a veil, about me, when I liked the man too well to show it without the asking. He had had little time to grow old; so his face was innocent and grew as passionate as on the day we parted. He did not speak much; but he promised so gladly to come again that, for all I could do, my heart would be glad with him.

I wish I had written all this in the days gone away, when the grass was green for me, and the gowans bloomed sweet with the daisies. I wish I had written when the glow of my love went burning and dancing through the hours, and made my breathings like draughts of the red wine. Now I can only write the words that have had plenty of time to cool in these long years, and even those cannot be animated by the eyes that gave them meaning—by the hearts that folded them warm within their beatings. We two young things opened the enchanted book of love and read its pages with clasped hands and eyes that melted in their meeting.

I wanted my father to know my tremulous happiness, but wished it might be hidden for ever from Hester. I had heard of immolations and sacrifices, but the wilful Psyche Ainslie could never make one. How could I be sure that the renunciation of mutual love would ever bring good to Hester, whom my lover could not love? My cool, unfeeling reason would not prompt the deed, and no voice urged me to it.

My father came up to Glasgow after my first note had reached him. Now the blackness which had awaited me at my birth began to lower around me. Happy to be with my father once more, I waited for him to say why he came.

He said: "So Psyche finds her real Cupid here, and her poor father's gift is only a faint type of him. Tell me the story."

"Indeed, I have no story to tell," I whispered, with incarnadined cheeks; "only I love a man other than you; but oh, believe me, loving you no thought the less all the while."

"And will the bairn leave me lone in the bitter dool of this loss, and she go roam in the world with this lad of her heart?"

My eyes filled.

"Dinna ye call the saut tears to darken this hour," I said. "You cannot help loving him. He is the same who came to our house from his fall on the moor, only his name is more than he told us—it is John Derwent Sunderland."

My father's arm slackened round me, and his face grew dusky. I rose in trembling, and sat down at his feet.

"I want no Ainslie blood mingling with that stream," he said, and walked away from me. Presently he turned his head from the far window where he stood, and asked:

"Do you know his father's name?"

"John Sunderland."

A piercing silence fell upon us. At last he said: "Go away, my child; you have hurt a wound you knew not of. Let your prayers be heartfelt this night."

It was a teary face that pressed my pillow through the dark hours. I waited till morning—what would my father tell me? He would not ban my happiness without good cause. I knew his true soul so well that I believed that. But some terror was coming to shut out my leesome love from my life.

Next day I expected with shivering dread my father's coming. I sat in the parlor alone, and his footfalls blanched my face when I heard them coming up the walk.

"Did you ever know why my brother Alexander Ainslie's name was forbidden to be said by those who loved me?" he asked.

"No; but I often wondered."

"We are a proud race, and he who says we are not honorable lies in his throat."

An angry courtesance danced in my father's eyes. I clung close to him, and said:

"Tell me."

"Your uncle Alexander died a transported convict, only saved from the gallows by the bribed kindness of the jury. I know this well, for it was I who bribed them. We like our Scottish blood to run pure—do we not?"

He absently smoothed my hair, but his brow was not unbent or his mouth unmoved from its stern curve.

"Was he innocent?"

"Why do you ask that of an Ainslie? Yes; pure of the crime as I; and he who procured the trial, who piled up circumstantial evidence from mouths of hired witnesses, he who shielded his own minions at the expense of innocence—my poor Psyche, he was John Sunderland. English arrogance cares little for Scotch integrity. By the honor of my name, dear bairn, by my love for you, I know this to be truth. I am not so old but I remember what true love is, so you know what I feel now to tell you—you cannot marry the son of one who ruined an Ainslie."

I sat still in my father's arms, close to the grand heart to which he had drawn me. I clung for him to save me from the horror which rose about me, I felt like the child in Goethe's Erlé-king, but my demon was not death. The furies of despair would have me if my father did not hold me fast. I know that I kissed his cheeks, and implored him to grasp me tight—to strain me close. Did I faint? I do not believe I did. I was only drowned for awhile in the grief that had become mine. I was in my chamber when I woke from my illness; my father was kneeling by my bed with his head on my pillow. Next day I went down to the drawing-room. My father was away when Derwent called—not knowing what I knew. I told him. I remember no words of that time. Many a time have I sat on the seashore and seen the tempest clouds come up with the red lightning in them, but I could not draw with pencil minuteness the edges of the cloud, or tell the volume of the thunder; but oh, I knew as well that the thunder shook my heart, and the lightning seathed it so that it beat red and glowing no more. He begged for one last interview, anywhere that I might name. It was not wrong to grant it. Would he come to the little bower we called our own on the banks of the Clyde, two miles outside the city? Come to-morrow before noon, when the sun seemed most as if it would some day bring the summer. I told my father I was going to see Derwent there; that the time never was coming when I should see him again. I rode out horseback and alone, save my grayhound who would come with me to Glasgow, and now would fain see the last of my lover. Derwent came from the city in a boat, and rowed up to the place of meeting.

"I am going over to France, Psyche," he said, "and I want you to promise me never to let me know if you marry another. Keep it from me for my love's sake."

I kissed his long curls that fell on my cheek.

"My love," I said, "dinna ye ken that you have the troth-pledge of a Scotch lass, and she an Ainslie? Besides your own, lover's love I shall not know. Have you not come to me as the one out of the world for me? Though I never look in your eyes again, do I not know that only there can I read that which my heart prizes best of all? Gin I walk through this strife a weary length of years, oh, John, you know full well how I shall be. Doubt me na mair; is it not fair enough that we part for a lifetime? So you mauna gang away frae me with mistrust in your heart."

A laverock started from the bank by us and carried its melody far up in the blue lift. Our eyes were turned to it with a vague strain in them. Midway out of sight its way merged in the track of its mate, and together in rising curves they passed beyond our vision.

"Divine, intangible, but ever mingling, our souls shall finally reach the great white throne. John, swear to be honorable, swear to be good, so that no stain shall be on the bonnie purity of your life. Loof in loof we stand under God's heaven; promise that the man I love shall be worthy of God's great love!"

"Oh, Psyche! I hold my heaven in my arms, and when exiled I'll keep the oath I take for your asking."

"And now go," I said, but without loosening my arms. We "kissed so close we could not speak." Does Paradise furnish recompense for the torments of moments like these?

At last he went. I stood by the bank, and he stepped into his boat. My soul writhed in torture; he was going away—and for ever. I held myself still and rigid—if I moved I should lose self-control. He stood upright—he raised an oar—dropped it, and cried:

"Oh, let me come back for one moment! Death is before me—I cannot go yet!"

I did not say yes, I did not speak, but he leaped to the shore; I felt his presence an instant with an intensity that sears like lightning. Then I saw him rowing out into the river. The boat rocked and tipped, then, for the first time, I knew that a fierce wind was blowing in gusts. The frail thing

cantered over the bubbling water. With magnetized eyes I watched him into the middle of the stream. His face was towards me, and he handled the oars without skill or force. Once his boat tipped more fearfully; he suddenly bent himself with a will to his work; but, my God! he did not work right; the craft turned on her side and Sunderland went down in the water. He could not swim; he rose to the top, and I shouted with an energy that thrilled and awakened me:

"Will you cling to the boat? I will get help."

I mounted my horse and scoured over field and road to the nearest house—it was not far. I came back with a man who was a swimmer, bearing ropes with him. Was I accursed of heaven? The boat was there, but Derwent Sunderland had gone down to the river's bottom and drowned my heart with him. The men brought him home to my cousins, and I rode by their side, and saw that his face was still with the quiet of the for ever—that his curls were wet with the river of his death. He did not drown because he would not live, for his soul was brave for life or death. There are no words for heartbeats, there is no sound in sorrow. With the silver cord loosed and the golden bowl broken, I lived and carried my life back to my home. Hester did not love as I do, or because her love gained no return, she channeled another course for it to run, she gave her hand to a kinsman and went her ways without my father or I. The years went by. There came a day when my father fell sick and died. My heart was tender and true for him, and it bled long and sorely; but where is the need of words that tell so little?

Twelve years since the day I was twenty. I have gathered rue for silvering hairs; will the day ever dawn when I may weave the blithesome hawthorn of hope, and see the sun shimmer gaily in the long summer days? I am in the house where I first drew this breath that is now such a weary thing to me. Here my father's bairn went ranting in glee—on this moor the wee bit things pelted each other with blooms. Bitter that I should live to see this day. The sun rises and he sets, and my heart is ever the same unsatisfied thing. I go up and down, hungry for that which I have not, thirsty for the drinks I cannot reach. My life is a want—my years creep on and my soul wasteth and crieth, for I have not yet found that which is sufficient unto me.

BRIG-GEN. JOHN A. RAWLINGS.

To be Chief of Staff of the Lieutenant-General commanding the armies of the United States, with his headquarters in the field, is a position which may well be envied. This rank has been gained by Gen. Rawlings in a steady line of promotion, and by services, modest and efficient, like those of his great chief. He has been attached to the staff since the time when the latter took command at Cairo. He was at first volunteer Aide, and then long his Assistant Adjutant-General, with the rank of Captain, and was the sole intermediate in communication between the army and the easily-approached General. As may be supposed, Gen. Rawlings is a plain-spoken, hard-working, cheery, hearty officer, zealous only to do his duty.

After the glorious capture of Vicksburg, Adjutant-General Rawlings, to the great satisfaction of the army, was made a Brigadier-General, and became Chief of Staff. He accompanied Grant to Chattanooga, and in the staff of the new General-in-Chief holds his old position at its head.

A Yankee Hotel in Dixie.

WHEN Gen. Banks's army moved on up the Shenandoah valley from New Market, Quartermaster-Sergeant Reuben W. Oliver, of Cochran's New York battery, had to be temporarily left in a barn on account of injuries he had received. Soon after our departure he made application at the lady's house adjoining for board, but he was informed, in true Virginian style, that she did not board "Yankee barbarians."

"Very well," replied Oliver, "if you won't board me, I shall keep a hotel in your barn, but shall probably call upon you occasionally for supplies;" and he hobbled back to the barn.

Oliver was every inch a soldier, and he went to work at once. Taking a revolver, he shot madam's finest young porker, which his assistant speedily dressed. His able assistant next went to the apothecary and "took up" a hive of bees, and transferred the honey to the barn; he then went to the lot and milked a pair of milk from her ladyship's cows; then going to her servant's house, he made a "requisition" for a quantity of fresh corn-dodgers that had been prepared for the supper. The addition of these articles to his ordinary rations placed him beyond the point of starvation. True to his Yankee instincts, he invited the lady to take tea with him, at the new hotel across the way; at which she became spitefully indignant; but Oliver was as happy as a lark, and soon time almost forgot his injuries. Soon his sick soldiers added to his list of "requisitions" a sheep and another "hive of bees" were "hotel;" and further proclamation when the ladyship thought "could see it," and sent for Oliver, who, as promptly as the nature of his injuries would permit, reported at her door.

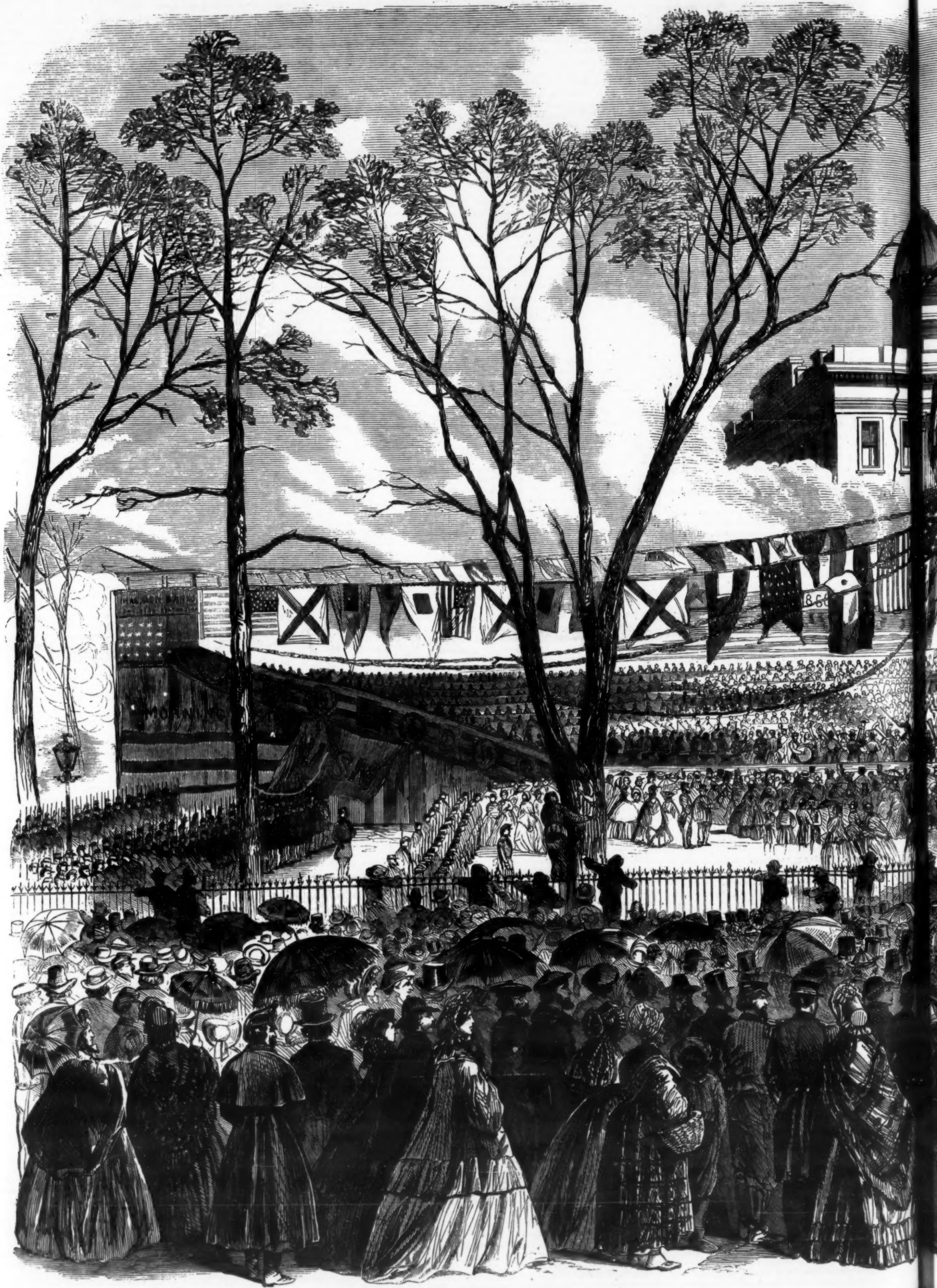
"See here, young man," said she, "I perceive that I would be cheaper for me to board you in my house; and if you will accept it, you can have board and a room free."

"Thank you, madam, thank you," replied Oliver, removing his cap and bowing politely; "but I prefer boarding at a first-class Yankee hotel to stopping at any scotch house in Virginia, at the same price. You will, therefore, be so kind as to excuse me for declining your generous offer, as it comes too late;" and back he hobbled to the barn, and actually remained there for two weeks, taking in and boarding every sick and suffering soldier that came along, making frequent "requisitions" upon her for supplies.

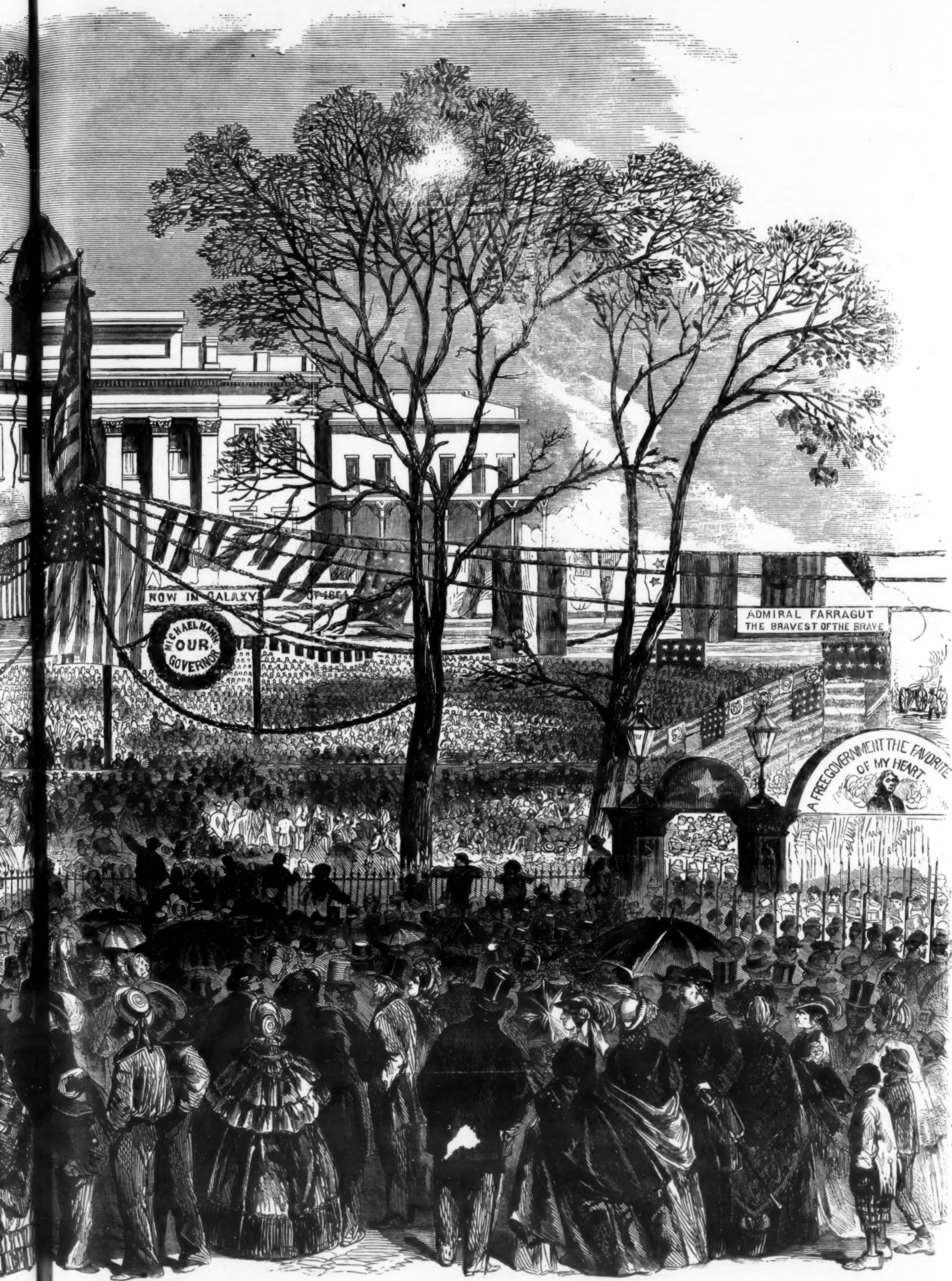
Her ladyship was mightily pained when Oliver's Yankee hotel was discontinued; but he returned her a valuable lesson, and no Yankee soldier ever thereafter applied to her in vain for food or shelter. They always got what they wanted, she evidently not relishing the Yankee hotel system.

WHEN a lady returns the presents she has received from her lover, she is supposed to include a return of his affections.

It is a fallacious hope to look out for beer because you perceive there's "something brewing."



THE RESTORATION OF THE UNION—INAUGURATION OF HON. MICHAEL HAHN, GOVERNOR OF LOUISIANA



LOUISIANA SQUARE, NEW ORLEANS, MARCH 4.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, C. H. H. BOWWILL.—SEE PAGE 23.

SWEETNESSES.

BY PAULINE.

How much is in a kiss?
Only this—only this!
Unto loving hearts and true,
Unto souls of royal hue,
Who the crimson print e'er knew,
'Tis a bliss—'tis a bliss,
'Tis a power—this regal kiss;
Sneaking at the soul's request
All that lay so unexpressed,
In the deepest deep of all the soul's unfathomed rest.

We learn it of the flowers:
They are ours—Love's and ours,
And with twinings velvet-weak,
Each against the other's cheek,
They are kissing as they speak;
Thus in tones of silver showers—
Rainy tones of silver showers,
They are bidding us, like them,
Wear Love's lucent diadem,
And for ever in our beings to enshrine the princely gem.

Listen, listen to the trees—
They are kissing in the breeze,
And the tender words they say
Float away—float away,
Down the night and down the day,
Telling mortals that to love,
As the angels do above,
With their brows entwined with Right,
With their purity so white,
Is to wrap around our bosoms all the wealth of perfect light.

Hear the molten plash of streams!
They are kissing 'mid their gleams,
And they speak to every heart,
Do, oh do, the nobler part!
Do in Love the nobler part—
Circle life with loving dreams,
Make it gentle as the streams,
So it flow to truth and good—
So it go where angels would,
There to ripple in the atmosphere of Beauty understood.

See the liquid, diamond rills,
How they kiss amid their trills!
And they whirl from off their steep
Down within the pearly deep,
Where the twilight ever sleeps,
Saying, "Mortal, love thy brother"—
Then shall diamond hues like mine
All your onward life entwine,
And that life will be a glory, girt with harmony divine.

Oh, uplifting Beauty—Truth!
Oh, immortal child of Youth!
Thee I worship as the sun,
And I feel thy kisses run
Through my heart so purple-spun!
Far within thy golden fire
Snowy winglets beckon higher,
Liquid voices mingling say,
As they wave away—away,
Oh, come, hither, hither, hither! come and drink
Of gleaming May!

The Gulf Between Them.

By Mrs. Ann S. Stephens.

CHAPTER XVIII.

WHILE matters were moving on thus above stairs there was an unusual commotion in the lower regions, effected by the machinations and deceptions of that arch-flirt, 'Dolph. He had succeeded in accomplishing what no sable gallant had ever done before; he had softened Clorinda's obdurate heart, and made her think it possible that at some future time she might be persuaded to place her fair self, and what she prized more, her money, in 'Dolph's keeping.

But the worst of it was, 'Dolph's susceptible fancy led him strongly in another direction, even while his discretion warned him to follow up the success he had achieved with the culinary nymph. Victoria was a stylish, handsome young mulatto, and Clorinda was, undoubtedly, pure African to the very end, I cannot say point, of her flat nose. Indeed, it is quite possible that 'Dolph's yellow skin went for something in her admiration; but unfortunately 'Dolph preferred the lightening up of complexion also, and had a masculine weakness in favor of youth and good looks.

Poor Clorinda certainly did present a rather dry and withered aspect; her hands more resembled claws than was satisfactory to a man whose flirtations had hitherto been with ladies'-maids, and she was sadly destitute of the airs and graces with which Victoria fascinated the grand sex so freely upon all occasions; Clo's wool might have been some profit to her had she been a sheep, but as it was she could only hide it under gorgeous bandannas, and gaze enviously at Victoria's long curls, feeling her fingers quiver to give them a pull when that damsel fluttered them too jauntily in her eyes.

There had always been trouble enough between the two, but after 'Dolph's arrival the kitchen department grew very hot and uncomfortable, and even the wary 'Dolph himself, skilled as he was in Lotharian practices, frequently had great difficulty in steering clear of both Seylla and Charybdis.

Clorinda was much given to devotional exercises, and went to meeting on every possible occasion; while Victoria, with the flightiness of her years, laughed at Clo's psalm-singing, and interrupted her prayers in the most fervid part by polka steps and profane redowas. In order to propitiate

Clorinda, 'Dolph had accompanied her to meeting much oftener than his inclinations prompted, expressing the utmost desire to be remembered in her prayers, all the while denouncing himself as a miserable sinner not worth saving.

But good women with a weakness for helping sinners are alike in one thing, no matter what their color may be—wickedness has a strange attraction for them. It was the peril in which she considered 'Dolph that made Clo so lenient towards him; it would be such a triumph to win him from his wicked ways, and lead him up to a height where he would be secure from the craft of the evil one, and what was more important, beyond the wiles of Victoria, who was regarded by her fellow-servant as a direct emissary of the prince of darkness.

She labored faithfully with 'Dolph, though it must be confessed she allowed her religious instructions to be diversified with a little more love-making than was prudent, and for the first time in her life became extravagant in the matter of dress, wearing the most gorgeous bandannas every day, and even adopting a hoop, which she managed so badly that it was constantly bringing her into grotesque difficulties, to Victoria's intense delight.

Of course they never quarrelled openly about 'Dolph, but they found endless subjects of dispute to improve upon, and sometimes that adroit fellow got into serious difficulty with both by attempting to mediate between them.

Then on occasions the sable rivals would hide their bitterness under smiles and goodnature, and appear almost affectionate in their sudden truce; but 'Dolph learned to dread those seasons of deceitful calm, for they were the sure precursors of an unusually fierce tempest.

These three restless persons went out one evening to pay a visit to some sable friends in the neighborhood, where the colored gentry often met and had choice little entertainments; where the eatables came from perhaps it would not have been wise for their employers to inquire.

Old Mrs. Hopkins and her fascinating daughter, Miss Dinah, were the possessors of this abode, and Clo and Victoria had for some time been promising 'Dolph a visit there. That night seemed a favorable occasion for the expedition, as a store of pumpkin-pies had that day been moulded by Clo's own expert hands, and half a jelly cake set aside in the closet.

"And I nobber sends back pieces to de table," said Clo; "it's vulgar."

"In course it is," returned 'Dolph; "I see sure nothing would irritate master more."

Vic did not attempt any deceptions on her conscience; she liked jelly cake, and did not trouble herself about the manner in which it was obtained; since her earliest remembrance stolen delicacies such as her palate craved had never given her a moment's indigestion, or the least approach to moral nightmare.

They went over to visit Mrs. Hopkins and Miss Dinah, and the evening was a very festive one, what with Clo's pies and the hard cider which Mrs. Hopkins provided.

But as ill-luck would have it, two or three other of their friends strayed in, and among them was a young woman as much given to coquetry as 'Dolph himself; and before a great while 'Dolph's love of flirtation got the better of his prudence, and plentiful doses of the hard cider rendered him reckless. In spite of the indignation which both Clo and Victoria displayed, he was exerting all his fascinations on the new-comer, while her neglected beau sat looking like a modern Othello, with every glance expressive of bowie-knives at least.

When the damsel went out with Miss Dinah, for an extra bench from the wash-house, 'Dolph accompanied them, and before long the company heard bursts of laughter and doleful shrieks.

Clo flew to the door and opened it; Victoria peeped over her shoulder; there was that perfidious 'Dolph encircling the stranger damsel with his right arm, and making bold efforts to lay hold of Miss Dinah with his left.

'Dolph looked up and saw Clo; he was not so much under the excitement of the cider that he could not understand the risk he ran.

"Dere is pretty conducts!" exclaimed Clo.

"I shud tink so," chimed in Victoria. "If you please, Miss Clorinda, I tink I will locomote home; I ain't accustomed to sich goings on myself; dey isn't de fashion in de Piney Cove basement."

The outraged damsels would hear no persuasions, and 'Dolph was forced to accompany them back, and a very uncomfortable time he had of it.

First they abused the impudent young pussen they had left behind, and nearly annihilated 'Dolph when he attempted a word in the young woman's favor.

"I declar," cried Clo at last; "Mr. 'Dolph, yer go 'long as crooked as a rail fence; what is de matter?"

'Dolph only gave a racy chuckle.

"I guess goin' into the wash-room turned his head," said Vic.

"De siety I see enjoyin' at dis minit," said deceitful 'Dolph, "is enough to turn de head of any gemman."

"Oh, we know all 'bout dat," said Vic.

"In course you does," returned 'Dolph, forgetting Clorinda, and trying to seize Vic's hand, but so uncertain were his movements that they looked as if he were trying to strike her.

Clorinda saw it all; it was fuel to the flame which consumed her.

"Miss Victory," said she, "yer needn't push me into de brook."

"Who's a pushin' of yer?" retorted Victoria, with equal acidity.

"Yer was, yer own self."

"I didn't—so dar! Guess somethin' ails yer head too, de way yer go on—pushin' indeed."

"I seorns yer insinuations," said Clorinda, "and despises yer accusations!"

"Jis' don't go pitchin' into me and callin' me names," retorted Vic; "'cause I won't stand it."

"Ladies, ladies!" interposed 'Dolph. "Don't resturb de harmonium of our walk by any on-pleasant words."

"I ain't a sayin' nothin'" said Vic.

"You've said more'n I," returned Clo, "and I ain't gwine to be pushed into de ditch by nobody—thar!"

She was naturally more irritated than Vic, because 'Dolph had tried no hand-seising in her case.

"Nobody wants ter push yer," said Vic.

"I don't know 'bout dat," said Clo, solemnly;

"I b'lieve if I was murdered in my bed I shud know whar to look for de murderer."

"Sich subjects, Miss Clorinda, is not fit for yer lubly lips," said 'Dolph; "don't give 'em house-room, I begs."

"Mr. 'Dolph," returned Clorinda, with a severity that pierced like a warning through the elation of Lothario's brain; "don't try none ob dem flightinesses wid me; I ain't one ob dat sort."

"What sort?" asked Victoria.

"Neber yer mind," said Clo, with majesty; "neber yer mind, miss; children don't comprehend sich like."

"I understands Miss Clorinda, and I venerates her sentiments," observed 'Dolph; "but when a gemman finds himself in sich siety as dis, de language of compliments flows as naturally to his lips as—as—cider from a junk bottle."

This well-rounded period softened both the damsels somewhat; 'Dolph got Clo on his right arm and Vic on his left; the support was not unwelcome to himself just then; and he managed to keep them both in tolerable humor until they nearly reached the house.

Whether 'Dolph stumbled, or V. forgave a sly, vicious push, it was difficult to tell in the darkness, but Clorinda went suddenly down full length in the path.

Victoria gave a laugh of derision, and this gratification of her malicious feelings in the misfortune of her rival put her in high goodhumor.

'Dolph hastened to help Clorinda up, but his movements were a little uncertain, and the first thing he did was to set his foot through the crown of her bonnet, which had fallen back from her head.

"I see killed," shrieked Clo.

"Do scream low, like a 'spectable ole woman!" cried the unsympathizing Vic; "yer'll have de whole house out."

"I don't keer," moaned Clorinda; "I don't keer."

"Why don't yer git up?" demanded Victoria.

"I'll 'sist yer, I'll 'sist yer," said 'Dolph, making another sidelong movement.

Clorinda endeavored to help herself, but the effort was a failure, and there she lay covered with confusion, for she could not think of giving the real cause of her continued prostration. The truth was she had caught one foot in her hoop—what a situation for a modest and churchgoing darkey to find herself in, late at night too, and her lover looking on.

"Be yer gwine to lay dar all night!" asked Vic.

"I kin't get up, I tell yer," said Clo.

"Is yer bones broke?"

"They must half of 'em be smashed," said Clo, thinking of the anatomy of her hoop, not her corporeal frame.

"No, no; Miss Clory, not as bad as dat," said 'Dolph; "don't petrificate us wid sich a idee. Jis let me 'sist yer now."

"No, no," cried Clorinda; "wait a minit—my foot—my foot!"

"Hev yer hurt it?" demanded Vic.

"No, no! What a fool yer be! Can't yer understand?"

"No, I kin't understand nothin' 'bout it, only yer makin' an outrageous ole fool o' yerself, and freezin' us to death. Mr. 'Dolph, I move we ge in."

"Yer wouldn't desert a sister in distress," said 'Dolph, dancing about the prostrate form, unable to comprehend why Clo would not permit him to assist her; while she huddled herself in a heap, making frantic efforts to extricate her foot, and in true spinster fear of showing her ankles in the struggle.

"Now, Clo," cried Victoria, "jis git up; I won't stand dis foolin' no longer."

"Help me," said Clo; "do help me."

"Hain't Mr. 'Dolph ben a tryin' dese ten minits?"

"No, no! Bend down here, Vic. Mr. 'Dolph, if yer's a gemman I ax yer to shut yer eyes."

"My duty is to sarve de fair," said 'Dolph, turning his back and peeping over his shoulder, very curious to know what could be the difficulty.

Clo whispered in Victoria's ear with agonised sharpness,

"My foot's run into my hoop clean up to de ankle!"

A stone might have sympathized with her maidenly distress, but that wicked Victoria burst into absolute roars of laughter.

"Ole fool!" she cried, between her sobs.

"Yer too ole for new fashions—telled you so!"

Clorinda's outraged modesty was forgotten in the fury which Victoria's lack of sympathy caused.

"Jis let me git up!" cried she. "I'll fix yer; I'll frizzle dem long beancatchers!"

All the while Clorinda kept making insane efforts to free herself, exposing her ankles in the most dreadful way in her desperation.

"What am it?" demanded 'Dolph.

As well as she could speak for laughing, Victoria began:

"She's cotched—"

"Hush up!" interrupted Clo. "I'll pisen yer if yer don't shut yer impudent mouth."

"Cotched her foot in her hoop," shrieked Vic.

"Ki! ki! ki! oh, laws, I shall die! Ole folks had'n't orter try to be young uns. I've telled yer so, Clo, fifty times."

'Dolph snickered—yes, Clorinda heard him actually snicker as she lay there, like a second Medea, deprived of her strength. Another struggle, a more furious pull, something broke with a loud crack, and Clorinda sprang to her feet with a yell of triumph and rage.

She made a dart at Victoria, caught that yellow maiden by her much-prized tresses, and for a few moments the battle between the rivals raged furiously. 'Dolph tried to separate them, and came in for a goodly share of blows in the madness of the onset.

Clo quite forgot her religion in the excitement, and her language might have shocked the elders had they heard it, while Victoria was not at all behind her in the use either of tongue or fists.

"De hall dor's a openin'," cried 'Dolph, struck with a brilliant thought; "I do believe it's marster comin' out."

The battle ceased. 'Dolph ran towards the house and the combatants after him, but 'Dolph never stopped till he was safe in his own dormitory, not caring to trust himself in the presence of either of the infuriated damsels.

Indeed, the next morning it required the special interference of Mrs. Mellen herself to settle the matter, and several days passed before perfect harmony was restored in the lower regions at Piney Cove.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE next afternoon Tom Fuller came down to the island again, for he was too restless away from that spot to make his absence of long duration.

Elizabeth and Elsie were quite alone, for Mellen had driven over to the village on some matter of business; but the sisters were not taking advantage of their solitude to indulge in one of those long, cory, confidential chats which had been their habit in former years.

Elsie was in the upper part of the house amusing herself after her own fashion, and Elizabeth sat in the little morning-room which had become her favorite apartment of late.

It was a small room in the old part of the house, somewhat sombre in its character, but on a bright day relieved by the beautiful view of the Sound which was afforded from the French windows, the only modern feature which Mellen had added to it.

On a dark morning the apartment was gloomy enough; the ceilings were low, crossed with heavy carved beams that made their want of height still more apparent; the upper portion of the walls were hung with dark crimson cloth, met there by a wainscoting of unpolished oak, dark and stained with age.

The furniture had been in the house since the Revolution; the massive chairs, each one of which was a weight to lift, had been covered with a fabric to match the hangings. The whole room had a quaint aspect, and was filled with a store of relics and curiosities which would have delighted a lover of the antique.

Elsie detested the apartment and never would occupy it, but when alone Elizabeth sought it from choice; the drearier and darker the day the more pertinaciously she clung to the dimness of the old room, where the shadows lay heavy and grim, and every sound echoed with preternatural sharpness.

But this day was bright and beautiful as summer itself. The apartment looked cheerful and picturesque, and Elizabeth made a pretty picture, seated by one of the open windows, with her light dress forming an agreeable contrast to the sombre draperies about her.

She had a workbasket on the little spider-legged table by her side and a mass of embroidery on her lap, but the needle had fallen from her hold, her hands were folded idly upon her knee, and she was looking out over the bright waters with a dreamy, wistful gaze, which had become habitual with her whenever the necessity for self-restraint was removed and she was free to relinquish herself to gathering anxieties.

Tom entered the room in his usual haste, and found her sitting in this dreamy attitude; she started at the sound of his tread, and with the caution she was daily acquiring changed her listless position, and drew the mask over her face which it was so dangerous to lift even for an instant.

"Here I am," cried Tom; "back again, like a bad penny. I hope you are not sick of the sight of my ugly face."

He rushed towards her, upset the spider-legged table that was always ready to topple over on the least provocation, made a hopeless labyrinth of her embroidery silks, gave her a kiss of greeting, and hurried on with numberless questions, just as if he were in the greatest possible hurry, and it was a necessity of life and death that he should blurt out everything that happened to be on his mind before he dashed away.

"And you are not tired of seeing me, Bessie, you are sure of that?" he repeated.

"You are a silly old fellow to ask such questions," she replied; "you know how glad I am to have you come."

"You're a darling old girl," cried Tom, "and there's no more to be said about it."

"Then, if you have finished, please pick up my unfortunate table. See what a state these poor silks are in."

"I'm always in mischief," said Tom, contritely, restoring the table to its equilibrium with great difficulty; "I'm more out of place in a lady's parlor than an owl in a canary bird's cage."

"Your mistakes are better than other men's elegancies," said Elizabeth, heartily.

It rested her to be in Tom's society; with him she was not forced constantly to play a part, and

he had been a great resource to her ever since he returned.

Many times she said to herself:

"He would love me, whatever came—I could always depend on him."

She was thinking something of the kind, just then, while she began assorting her silks; and Tom stood meekly by, longing to repair the mischief he had occasioned, but perfectly certain that he should only do a good deal more harm if he attempted it.

Besides that, something else was in his mind—there always was before he had been five minutes in the house if Elsie did not make her appearance.

He shuffled about, answered Elizabeth's questions haltingly, and at last burst out:

"Where is the little fairy—has she gone out, too?"

"Elsie, do you mean?"

"Who else, of course! Where is she?"

"Up in her room, I fancy," replied Elizabeth.

"I don't see how you can bear her out of your sight for an instant," cried Tom; "I am sure I couldn't if I lived in the house with her."

"Nonsense, Tom!"

"There is no nonsense about it," thundered he; "it's just the truth."

Several times Elizabeth had attempted to point out to him the folly of going on in his old insane way, but either he would not listen or something interrupted their conversation. Now she determined to take advantage of the present opportunity and speak seriously with him.

"I have brought her a paper of Maillard's sweet things," said Tom; "might I call or send for her?"

He darted towards the door as he spoke, but Elizabeth stopped him.

"Wait a moment, Tom," she said; "come back here."

"Yes, of course; I'll be back in a flash—I'll just send her these traps," and he pulled a couple of tempting packages from his pocket, natty tied with pink ribbons and got up generally in the exquisite taste which distinguishes everything from our Frenchman's establishment.

"No," urged Elizabeth, "come here first; I have something to say to you, Tom—Elsie can eat her bonbons after."

Tom came back, rather unwillingly though, and stood leaning against the window like a criminal.

"Sit down," said Elizabeth.

"No, no; I like to stand! Well, what is it, Bessie?"

"Tom," she said, seriously, "I am afraid you have forgotten the experience which cost you so much pain and drove you off to Europe; I fear you are making other and deeper trouble for yourself."

"Oh, no, Bessie—it's of no consequence anyway," returned Tom, turning fifty different shades of red at once. "What a pretty green that silk is."

"It is bright blue, but no matter! So you won't listen to me, Tom?" continued Elizabeth.

"My dear girl, did I ever refuse to listen in all my life?" cried Tom. "But you see, you're a little mistaken, Bessie; I'm not such a goney as I used to be."

"That has nothing to do with the matter." "Oh, yes, it has; I mean, I don't allow myself to be such a dunce, even in my own thoughts. I never even think about—about—you know what I mean."

Tom broke down and made a somewhat lame conclusion.

"Oh, Tom, Tom!" Elizabeth said.

"Well, there!" cried he, with sudden energy; "there is no use in standing here and telling you fibs! I do love her—I must love her—I always shall love her—hang me if I shan't!"

He was in a state of great agitation now, and trembled all over as if he had been addressing Elsie herself.

Elizabeth sighed wearily.

"I thought so," she said; "I feared so."

"You mean the dear girl will never care for me. How could any one expect her to—I couldn't—'tisn't in reason."

"Then, Tom, she certainly ought not to treat you as she does and lead you on."

"She doesn't lead me on."

"But her manner does not forbid your attentions, and you are too worthy, dear cousin, for anything but honest dealing."

"It's my fault—all my fault."

Elizabeth shook her head.

"You have the best heart and the worst head in the world," said she.

"You mustn't blame her," continued Tom; "I can't stand that! Pitch into me as often and as hard as you like, you never can say enough, but don't blame her."

"Let us leave her share in the matter, then, out of the question," continued Elizabeth. "If you believe what you say, is it wise to run into danger as you do?"

"There's no help for it, Bessie; I should die if I could not see her dear little face! Oh, you can't think what I suffered while I was gone—I didn't talk about it—I don't even want to think of it; but, Bessie, dear, sometimes I used to think I should go out of my senses."

He was speaking seriously now; his face was absolutely pale with emotion, and his eyes—the one fine feature of his face—were misty with a remembrance of old pain.

"Poor Tom," murmured Elizabeth, in her pitying way, always full of sympathy for others' trouble, whatever her own might be; "poor, dear Tom, I know how hard it was."

"No; you can't know, Bessie; you can't have the least idea! You don't know what it is to have something to hide—to go about with a secret gnawing at your heart—never able to open your lips—suffering night and day—"

He stopped suddenly and looked at his cousin with wonder; she was leaning back in her chair,

her face was pale as death, and her lips parted in a dreary sigh.

Tom drew close to her chair and bent over her, with a look of anxious surprise on his disturbed features.

"Are you sick, Bessie?" he asked.

"No, no," she answered, controlling herself.

His words brought up her own secret burden so vividly before her that for an instant she had been dreadfully shaken by the keen pang at her heart.

"You look so pale; I'm afraid you are going to be ill."

"Indeed, I am not," she answered.

Tom knelt down by her on both knees, played with her embroidery silks, and finally said:

"Bessie, since we're talking plainly, may I say something?"

"Yes, Tom."

"Somehow, since I came back from Europe," pursued he, "you don't seem so happy as you used—maybe it's only one of my blunders—but I have thought you looked troubled—like a person that was always expecting something dreadful to happen."

She forced a smile upon her lips as she forced them to answer:

"Oh, you foolish Tom!"

"Then it is not so!" he urged. "You are not unhappy?"

"How could I be unhappy—is not my life pleasant, prosperous beyond anything I could ever have hoped for?"

"It seems so; that made me think it must be just one of my silly fancies."

"Nothing more, Tom."

"Mellen's the most splendid fellow in the world," pursued he; "and you couldn't well be sad with that little darling about you."

Elizabeth took up her silks again.

"Dismiss all such thoughts from your mind, Tom."

"I shall be only too glad. But tell me once more that I am an over-anxious busybody, minding everybody's concerns but my own. You see, Bessie, I love you like a sister, and will stand by you, by Jupiter, always. But these stupid ideas of mine, there's no foundation for them?"

"How could there be?"

"That's what I say to myself always," cried Tom. "Well, dear, I won't think such nonsense again."

"Do not, I beg; and never mention it to anybody."

"There's no danger of that," said Tom. "But you know, if you should get unhappy or in trouble, there is always one shambling old chap you could lean on."

"I believe that, Tom; I do indeed."

"And you would come to me, Bessie?"

"If you could help me, yes. But trouble must come to all, Tom; and, generally, we must each bear our burthens alone."

"How sad your voice sounds, Bessie."

She made an effort to speak playfully:

"You are getting all sorts of ridiculous fancies in your head; don't be so foolish."

Tom was relieved by her manner, and began to laugh at his own ridiculous ideas, rising up from his knees and brushing the dust away with his handkerchief.

"My head is a poor old trap," he said. "Well, well, I am glad you are happy—very glad."

"And I want you to be happy, Tom."

"I am, upon my word, I am! I don't allow myself to think any more or to look forward, but just live on, glad to be in the sunshine. 'Tisn't a bad world, after all, Bess; things usually come right in the main."

If she could only believe it—if she could but accept his cheerful philosophy and his unwavering trust; but, alas! the sleepless dread at her heart prevented that.

"And about my stupid self," Bessie, added Tom.

"Yes, about your dear, good self," answered Elizabeth, glad to remove the subject from any connection with her secret dread.

"And my useless bits of affairs," pursued Tom; "just let things rest as they are, it's the best way."

"I don't wish to do anything to annoy you," she replied; "and you know very well I am the last person in the world to interfere—"

"Oh, don't talk like that, or I shall think you are offended."

"Not in the least, Tom; I only meant to say that it was my regard for your happiness that made me speak."

"I know—I feel that, Bessie; but just let things go on! Perhaps I am asleep and dreaming, but the slumber is pleasant, so don't wake me; it's cruel kindness, dear."

Elizabeth said nothing more; it was useless to pursue the subject; where Tom was concerned she saw plainly that it could do no good, his heart was fixed.

Just as she was thinking that, and giving another little sigh for Tom and what she feared for him, a blithe young voice rang in the hall, exclaiming like a bird.

"There she is!" exclaimed Tom.

His face lighted up, his whole frame seemed to expand with delight. Elizabeth watched him. She knew better than ever that his heart was twined about that young creature, and his very soul had gone out in worship to her feet.

"And where are you hidden, Lady Bess?" sang Elsie, gaily.

Tom rushed to the door and flung it open, upsetting the table again, and this time leaving Elizabeth to pick it up herself.

"Here she is, my fairy princess!" he called, standing in the doorway and looking up at her as she paused on the stairs.

"In that dismal den and guarded by a dragon," cried Elsie, peeping at him through the banisters, mischievously. "Pray where did you come from, *Cœur de Lion*?"

"If you knew what I had brought for my lady-

bird, you would be on your prettiest behavior and give me your best welcome," said Tom.

"It's bonbons!" cried Elsie with a shriek of delight. "The ogre means pralines and caramels and marons glacés!"

"Come down and see," said Tom, mysteriously. Elsie danced downstairs and entered the room where her sister sat.

"Ugh, the ugly place!" said she. "It makes me shiver!"

"Better come into the den than lose the sweets," said Tom, opening the papers and pretending to eat greedily.

"He won't leave a drop!" cried Elsie, darting upon him.

Tom prolonged the playful struggle artfully enough; and when a truce was concluded it was only on condition that he should feed her with the sugarplums, and as he did not satisfy her greediness fast enough there was a great deal of sport and laughter between the pair.

Elizabeth sat in the window and watched them, sighing sometimes and regarding Elsie with a strange pain in her eyes, as if annoyed and troubled that this happy creature could not leave her the full affection of this one heart.

"I want to go out on the water," said Elsie.

"Will you take me, you ugly giant?"

"Won't I!" said Tom. "I'd take you to the moon if you liked."

"But I don't wish to try the moon, thank you; a nice long row will satisfy me. Come along, Bessie!"

"Not to-day," answered Elizabeth coldly.

"You're a poky thing!" cried Elsie. "Well, I shall go, the sun is lovely."

"I'll run down to the shore and get the boat ready," said Tom, ecstatically.

He darted away, and Elsie stood for a few moments crushing the candies between her white teeth and looking at Elizabeth, half frightened, half defiant.

"You are very busy," said she.

"One can't be idle," replied Elizabeth.

"Oh, can't one? It just suits me, thank you."

"Elsie," said her sister, suddenly, "I want to say something."

"If it is anything unpleasant, I won't hear. I won't hear. I want to be happy. Let me alone!"

"It is about yourself; don't be alarmed."

"Well, say it; but you are going to scold or something else dreadful, I know by your voice."

"Don't be such a baby," said Elizabeth, impatiently.

"There! I knew you were cross! How can I help being a baby? I like it, and I will be one."

"Do you think you are acting honestly with Tom?" said Elizabeth.

"I'm not acting at all," replied Elsie fretfully.

"I can't help his coming here constantly. You wouldn't have me rude to your own cousin?"

"You know what I mean. He loves you, in spite of your conduct before he went abroad—"

"I can't help it," Elsie cried in again. "If people will fall in love with me it's their own fault; I don't ask them."

"But you can help encouraging him and leading him on to greater pain."

Elsie pouted.

"How do you know I shall?"

"You would not marry him," exclaimed Elizabeth, suddenly. "You—you—you—"

"You don't know anything about it. Let Tom and me alone. I think you are growing a cross old thing."

"Oh, Elsie, do be serious for one moment."

"Let me alone!" she repeated. "You are always spoiling my sunshine. I believe you hate me!"

"Don't talk so wildly, Elsie. But you cannot blame me for being anxious about Tom's happiness."

"And, pray, should I make him wretched if I married him?" she exclaimed defiantly.

"You won't do that. You—"

"I'll do what I please; and don't you meddle with me, just remember that!"

The voice was sharp and unlike Elsie's usual tone, but she quickly resumed her childish manner, and added:

"I'll be good—don't scold. There, I'm going now—good-bye!"

She danced out of the room and through the house, and Elizabeth heard her voice on the lawn, calling to Tom, to know if the boat was ready.

Elizabeth kept her seat, looking absently across the water. Presently she saw the little skiff shoot out from the shore, under the impetus of Tom's muscular arms, while Elsie leaned back in the stern, wrapped in a white shawl, and reminding Elizabeth of the old German legend of the Lurlei.

She sat there a long time, with her former mournful thoughts all trooping back, like ravens to a desolated nest. The gloom upon her spirits waxed deeper, and the chill that had begun during the past days to creep like a ring about her heart tightened and grew cold, as if it were changing to an icy band, which would freeze her pulses in its tightening clasp. She looked out through the sunshine, watching the light boat till it became a mere speck in the distance and finally disappeared among the windings of the long curve of land which stretched out into the ocean.

Thinking, thinking, always the same dreary round, till she grew so weary with the ceaseless anxiety, the constant necessity for plots and plans, the need of reflection, even, in the slightest act, and, worse than all, the sleepless fear of discovery which hovered near her, asleep or awake, that it seemed to her sometimes she could no longer uphold the burthen, but must allow it to fall and crush her.

The afternoon was passing, but the little boat had not yet appeared in sight again. There was no danger that Tom would think of fatigue while he could sit looking in the face of his syren and listening to her low, weird songs; nor was there the slightest possibility of her ever remembering that the

strongest muscles must at last feel a little need of relaxation, just as long as it pleased her to float over the sunlit waters, carolling her pretty melodies or talking gay nonsense to Tom, and blinding him utterly with the wicked lightning of her eyes.

At last Mr. Mellen's step sounded in the hall. Elizabeth heard it, and she immediately gathered up her embroidery silks, making a great pretence of being busy, lest he should enter and surprise her in the betrayal of that abstraction, and pierce her with one of his dark, suspicious glances, which made her heart actually stand still with apprehension.

He came on towards the room, looked in at the door and saw his wife sitting there apparently quiet, comfortable and wholly occupied with her pretty task.

She glanced up and nodded a welcome.

"So you have come back," she said; "I have been wishing for you."

He smiled at her words, came forward and stood by her, saying:

"I thought you had given up any such weakness. You seem very busy."

"This tiresome embroidery has been lying about so long that I am working on it for very shame," she replied. "Elsie began it and was delighted with it for three days, but she has not touched it since."

"Very like the little fairy," he said, with a smile any such reference to the young girl always brought to his lip.

Elizabeth did not wish to talk, it was difficult for her to hide the real feelings that oppressed her under a playful garb, so she said:

"If you were goodnatured you would sit down here and read to me. There is Bulwer's new book."

"I will, with pleasure; but where is Elsie?"

"Oh, Tom Fuller came, and she made him take her out for a row; so I have been alone in my den, as she calls it."

"The child can't bear the least approach to a shadow," he said; "she must have her sunshine undisturbed."

He drew an easy-chair near the window where Elizabeth sat, took up the novel she had asked him to read, and began the fascinating story.

He read beautifully, and Elizabeth was glad to forget her unquiet reflections in the melody of his voice and the rare interest of the tale. Mellen himself was in a mood to be comfortable and at rest.

The brightness of the sunset was flooding the waters before either of them looked up again. Then Mellen said:

"Those careless creatures ought to come back; it grows chilly on the water as evening comes on, and the least thing gives Elsie cold."

Elizabeth shaded her eyes with her hand and looked over the bay.

"They are coming," she said; "I can see the boat."

Mellen looked in the direction to which she pointed, and saw the boat rounding a point of land and making swiftly up the bay.

"Tom is as strong as a young Hercules," he said, watching the little skiff as it fairly flew through the water under the impulse of his arm, and aided by the inward rush of the tide.

They remained watching it till it approached near enough for them to distinguish Elsie's white wrappings. Suddenly Mellen said:

"She is rocking the boat dreadfully! She is standing up—she is crazy to run such risks!"

Elizabeth looked and saw Elsie erect in the skiff, her shawl floating out around her, rocking the boat to and fro with reckless force, while she could see by Tom's gestures that he was vainly expostulating with her upon her imprudence.

Mellen went into the hall and out on the veranda, with some vague idea of trying to attract the imprudent girl's attention by signals; but the skiff was far off, and she too much occupied to observe them.

Elizabeth threw down her work and followed him out, standing by his side in silent apprehension.

"She is mad!" exclaimed Mellen, "absolutely mad!"

Elsie's gay laugh rang out over the waters, and they could see Tom expostulating with more animated gestures.

"She will fall overboard, as sure as fate!" cried Mellen. "Oh! Elsie, Elsie!"

But the exclamation could not reach the reckless creature; probably she would have paid no attention had she heard it.

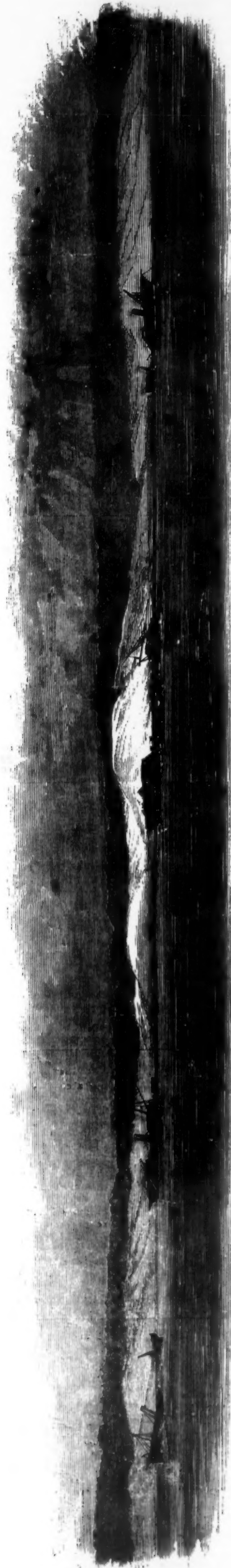
"Oh, see it rock!" cried Elizabeth with a shiver.

"She is frightened at her own recklessness," said Mellen, "but she will not stop, because it disturbs Tom."

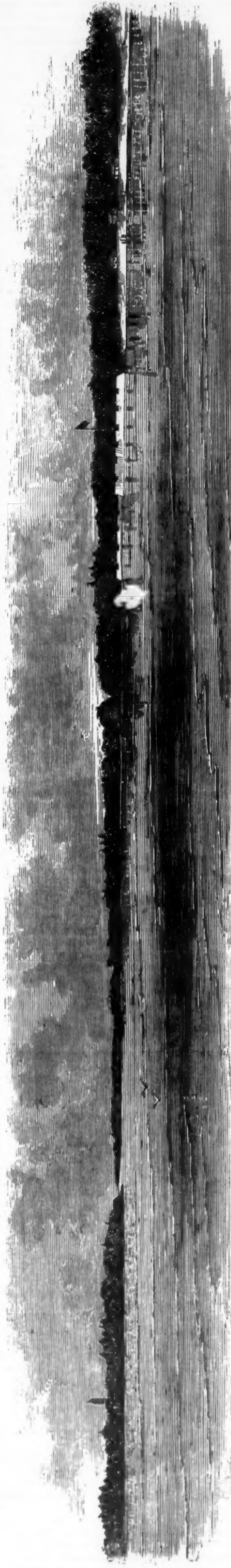
"Perhaps there is less danger than it seems," began Elizabeth, but a cry from her husband checked the words.

She looked—the boat had tipped till the edge was even with the water; suddenly Elsie tottered, lost her balance—there was a smothered shriek from the distance—then she disappeared under the crested waves.

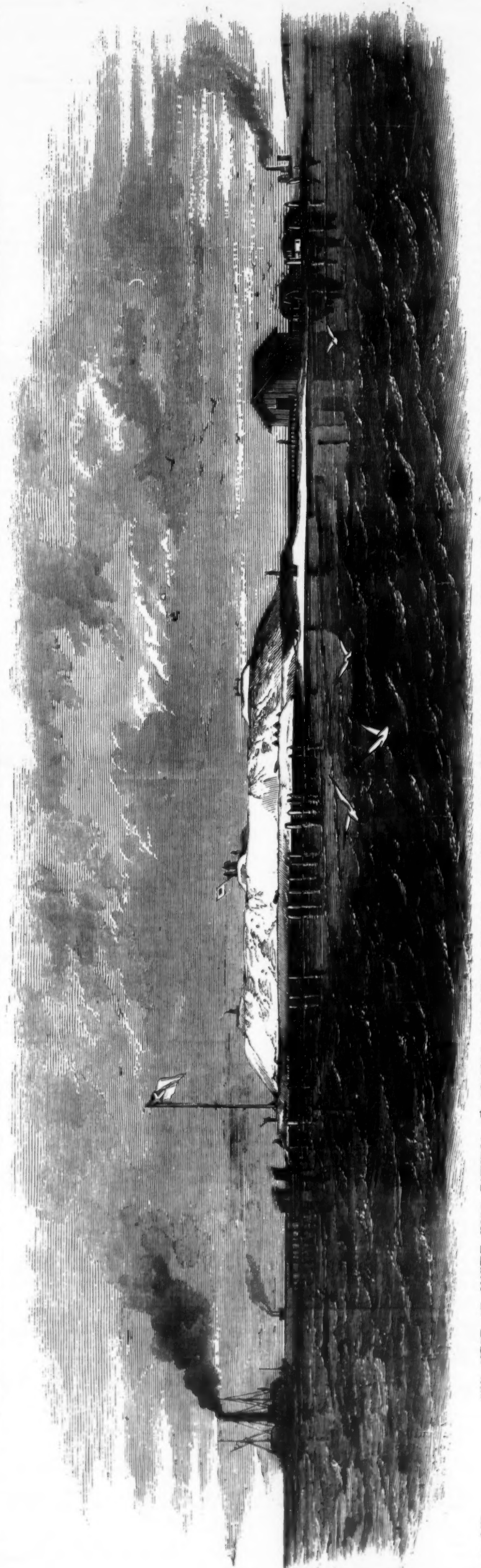
THE RHINOCEROS'S FRIEND.—The rhinoceros's friend, and the rhinoceros hunter's most tiresome enemy, is a little bird, the *Euphago Africana*, vulgarly known as the rhinoceros bird. It constantly attends on the huge beast, feeding on the ticks that infest its hide, the bird's long claws and elastic tail enabling it to hold fast to whatever portion of the animal it desires. If it rendered the rhinoceros no further service than ridding him of these biting pests it would deserve his gratitude; but, in addition, it does him the favor of warning him of the approach of the hunter. With its ears as busy as its beak, the little sentinel detects danger afar off, and at once shoots up into the air, uttering a sharp and peculiar note, which the rhinoceros is not slow to understand and take advantage of; he doesn't wait to make inquiry, but moves off at once. Cumming asserts that when the rhinoceros is asleep, and the *Euphago* falls to wake him with its voice, it will peck the inside of his ears and otherwise exert itself to arouse its thickheaded friend.



Headquarters. THE WAR IN NORTH CAROLINA—FOLLY INLET, SOUTH OF FORT CASWELL, N. C., SHOWING THE BLOCKADE-RUNNERS DESTROYED BY OUR FLEET.—FROM A SKETCH BY A. PETERS.—SEE PAGE 17.



Fort Fisher. Mound. Channel. SHEEP HEAD. THE WAR IN NORTH CAROLINA—NEW INLET, CAPE FEAR RIVER, SHOWING FORT FISHER AND THE MOUND ERECTED TO CONTROL THE INLET.—FROM A SKETCH BY A. PETERS.—SEE PAGE 17.



Mobile-Fort Powell. AT GRANT'S PASS, NEAR MOBILE, RECENTLY BOMBARDED BY THE UNION FLEET UNDER FARRAGUT.—FROM A SKETCH BY E. B. HUGHES.—SEE PAGE 17.



BRIG.-GEN. J. A. RAWLINSON, U. S. A.—SEE PAGE 23.



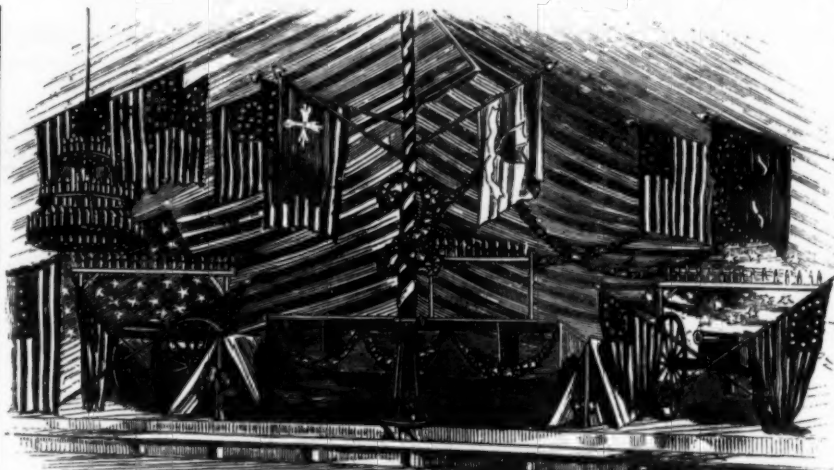
BRIG.-GEN. GEORGE SYKES, U. S. A.

GEN. GEORGE SYKES, U. S. A.

In the list of officers of the regular army few names will be more honorably mentioned than that of Gen. Sykes, even though at the present time his name is not encircled with the factitious halo of momentary popularity. He is every inch a soldier, an officer thoroughly versed in the science of war, brave, energetic and capable. He was born in Maryland in 1823, graduated at West Point in 1842, and was there appointed Brevet 2d Lieutenant in the 3d Infantry. He was made 1st Lieutenant in Sept. 1846, and breveted Captain, for gallantry at Cerro Gordo. During the war he was Assistant Commissary of subsistence with the division commanded by Gen. Twiggs. In Sept. 1855 he became Captain, and after commencement of hostilities by the new Confederacy he was commissioned Major of the 14th Infantry, May, 14, 1861, and on the 28th of Sept., in the same year, made Brigadier General of volunteers. In this capacity he commanded in the army of the Potomac the splendid division of regulars in the 5th corps, which won such high renown. He finally succeeded to the command of the corps, enjoying the confidence of all.

THE SINKING OF THE CELEBRATED STEAMER PETERHOFF.

The Peterhoff was a blockade-runner, the capture of which enabled our transatlantic cousins to give us a charming representation of "London Assurance," till an examination of her cargo and proceed-

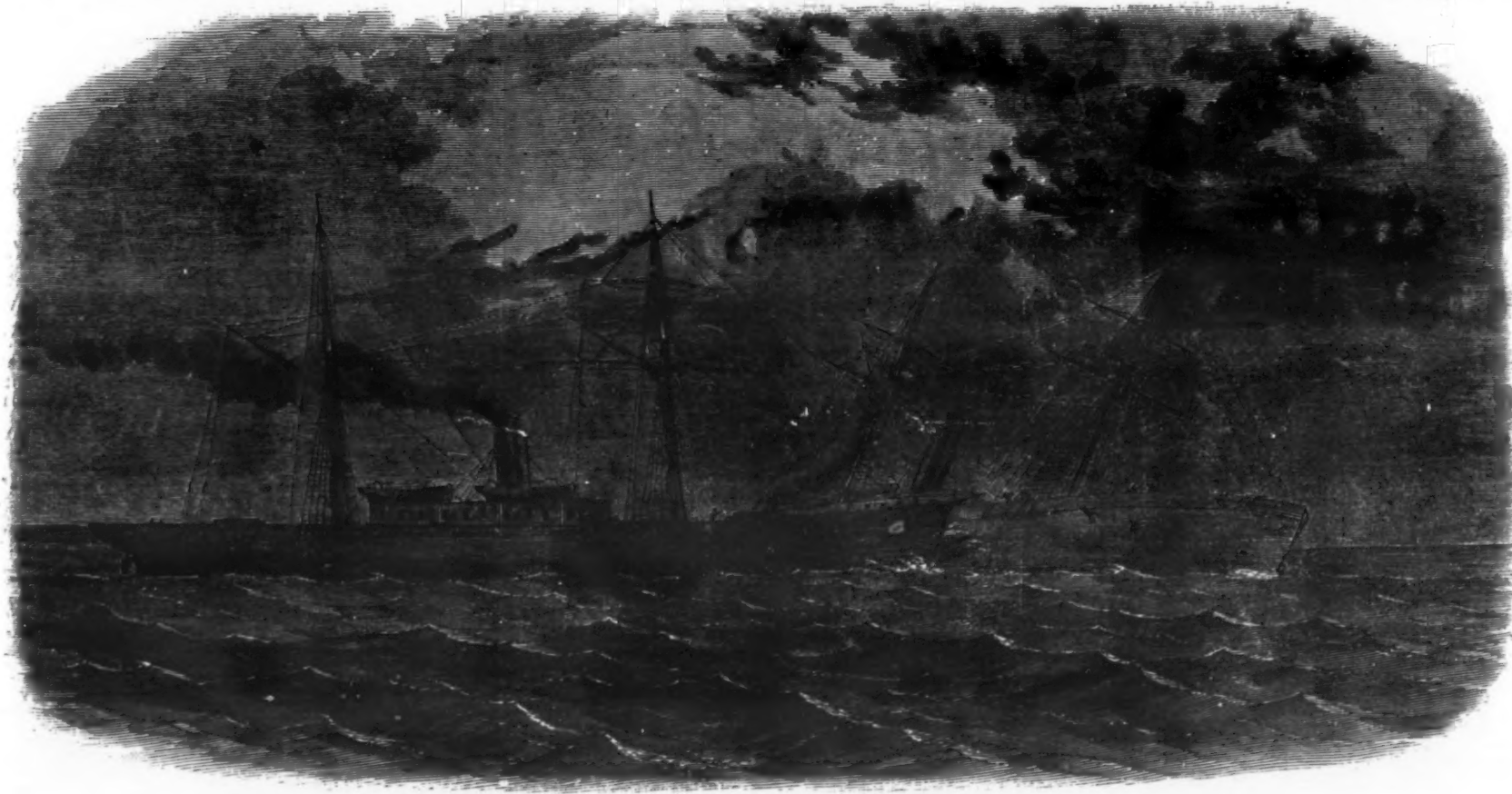


MUSIC STAND AT THE BALL OF THE SECOND CORPS, ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.

ings in the English Bankruptcy Courts left not a particle of doubt on the subject. After her condemnation the Peterhoff was purchased by Government, but was run into and sunk by the U. S. steamer Monticello off Wilmington, N. C., on the morning of the 6th inst., at 8 A. M. The Monticello left the south side of Cape Fear on the previous evening, bound to Beaufort for coal. At 5 A. M. the officer of the deck saw a vessel on his port beam, he supposed it to be a blockade-runner, as she made no signal, which she ought to have done, being on that line of blockade. The officer of the deck of this vessel immediately bore down towards her, and seeing she did not challenge him he challenged her, on her answering correctly, he—the officer of the watch—shifted his helm to keep on his course, the Peterhoff went ahead at the same time, and before the Monticello could be backed, she struck the Peterhoff just before her smokestack, sinking her in fifteen minutes. Owing to the promptness with which boats were cleared away and sent to her assistance, there were no lives lost. It was just before daybreak and hazy on the water, so that it was hard to tell what distance the two vessels were apart when last seen.

THE MUSIC-STAND IN THE BALL OF THE 2D ARMY CORPS.

The Army Artists, even with poor material, can produce fine effects, as all will admit who examine the sketch sent by our Artist of the music-stand at the ball recently given in the 2d Army Corps. The flags, and cannon even, here play their part in decoration, as at New Orleans the latter



SINKING OF THE CELEBRATED STEAMER PETERHOFF BY THE U. S. STEAMER MONTICELLO OFF WILMINGTON, MARCH 6.—FROM A SKETCH BY AN OFFICER.

enter into the class of musical instruments. But under the régime of the new General-in-Chief, who is to make his headquarters at the Army of the Potomac, the ball and the dance will give place to the stern realities of war.

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We should like to hear the sentiments of the schoolmaster's wife on the subject of her husband being so often abroad.

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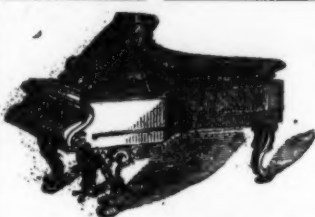
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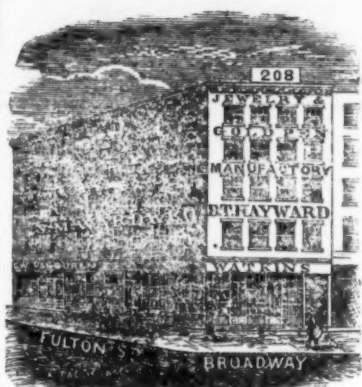
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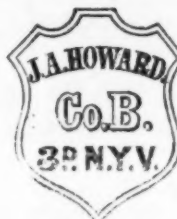
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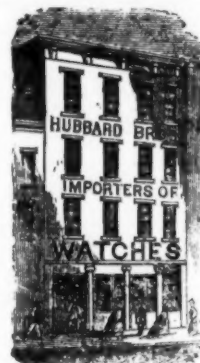
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